

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

JANUARY 1, 1810.

BANNS OF MARRIAGE,

OR

THE LONDON CURATE.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM a London curate, and anxious to perform the duties of my station, not merely as honouring my profession, but as it enables me to maintain myself and family. I have no hopes of rising higher, but the difficulty I experienced in obtaining even my present situation makes me fearful of losing it: for it is not easy to reconcile ourselves to the idea of absolute starvation, which would be the necessary consequence of the loss of my present stipend of 90l. a year. In such a case I could not easily bring myself to apply to the parish for relief; more especially as I have never been in circumstances to obtain

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a settlement for myself, and could therefore apply to no parish, but that in which I was born, and in which my family had once the principal estate. Those feelings of pride, which no philosophy nor religion can entirely subdue, would prevent me from exposing in such a place my humbled condition, or soliciting the charity of those who had too long been the dependants of my family to support with equanimity such a reverse of fortunes.

Twenty years ago an estate in Somersetshire, which, let on moderate leases, produced an income of about fifteen hundred a year, enabled my father to keep a pack of hounds, and a coach, and indeed to live in the free and hospitable style of an old English gentleman. This was his utmost ambition: and in pursuing this mode of life, he conformed to the practice of his ancestors, who had been settled in that very place long before the conquest, and who had all regularly declined to mix in public life. One, indeed, was gentleman of the bed-chamber to Queen Elizabeth, and built the mansion house, which still stands on the estate; but this was the only instance recorded in the family annals of any deviation from its general habits. My father, unfortunately for me and a younger brother, was killed by a fall from his horse, while in too eager pursuit of a fox; and as he had made no will, the whole of the estate descended to my elder brother. He was good-natured and careless, and as long as he had the means, neither I nor my younger brother had reason to complain: but, unhappily, he walked not in the way of his father, and falling into the hands of sharpers, plunged into every species of extravagance, and being stripped of his whole possessions, in a fit of despair, shot himself. He had even lost at the gaming table the ad-

vowson of the living, which had for so many centuries belonged to our family, and which had been intended as a provision for me, who, before the death of my father, had taken orders : and on the decease of my uncle, who had been in possession of the living many years, and who did not long survive the ruin and degradation to which he saw the family reduced, I had the mortification to see another presented to what I had so long been taught to consider as my lawful inheritance ; and the expectation of which had alone induced me to enter into the service of the church. My younger brother, who had gone into the army, died in the Fleet prison, where he had been immured for debts, which the smallness of the pay allowed to the army did not enable him to discharge, though those debts had been incurred by the necessary expences attending the lingering cure of a wound received in the service of his country. I alone remain of all my race, and I am a London curate, with a wife and seven children, and a stipend of 90*l.* a year.

That such a sum is not sufficient in these times to maintain such a family, I need not observe to you, Mr. Satirist, but there is a proverb, which though homely is true: "half a loaf is better than no bread." My wife contrives to get a little by taking in plain work, and the eldest of my children earn something by platting straw, for the manufacturers of straw hats. But all this, with the strictest œconomy would scarcely do, if I did not take advantage of the few odd intervals between my various duties to make out the bills and keep the accounts of a worthy fellow, who was the son of my father's whipper-in, and set up in London as a chandler. For this service, besides making me a small weekly allowance,

he lets me have all the articles he deals in at prime cost: and as he sells a variety of goods, every thing which we want for the consumption of our family, as bread, rice, potatoes, Irish butter, salt herrings, oatmeal, small beer, coals, soap, and lamp-oil, we purchase at considerable advantage. Then what must be my situation, if the duties of my office become so manifold as not only to leave no interval for keeping the chandler's books, but to exceed my utmost capacity or diligence to execute, and yet to subject me to heavy penalties for non-performance? This brings me to the point, which I would submit to you.

You must remember, Mr. Satirist, the case of elopement of a ward of chancery with a young actor, which, within the last month, came before the Lord Chancellor. The parties had procured the banns of marriage to be published, and were to have been married on the very day after that on which they were taken. In the course of his comments on the occasion, the Lord Chancellor, who is known to be ever inclined to give rather a mild than a harsh interpretation to the laws, expressed in strong terms, his disapprobation of the conduct of the clergyman, who had published the banns. It seems that by law the clergyman is required to publish no banns, of which he has not received a certain previous notice, nor for any persons who have not resided a certain time within his parish, of which residence he is to certify himself by personal enquiry and examination. Many other things the law requires of him which it would be tedious to enumerate; but all tend to encrease his difficulties. And in case of his neglecting to comply with these forms, it appears, that he is subject to very severe penalties, fine,

suspension from canonical duties, imprisonment, and I know not what.

Now, Sir, what is to be done in my case? I am anxious to obey the law, but I fear it will not be in my power. The parish committed to my care is very extensive, very populous, but not very fashionable: where I marry one by licence, I marry twenty by banns. Upon an average, I calculate that I publish every Sunday banns for about thirty couple: not that all these people come afterwards to be married, many altering their minds after the publication of the banns, and some I fear profaning them merely for the purpose of accomplishing seduction. This, however, does not affect the present case, since it is previous to the publication that the law calls upon the clergyman to inquire into the circumstances of the candidates for matrimony. At this rate then, dividing the number of couples by the days of the week, excepting Sunday on which day I should be too much engaged by the solemn duties of my profession to attend to such matters, I should have to go to the residence of five couple every day: that is, I should have to call at ten places, all perhaps as far apart from each other as the extent of my parish will admit: and as it is very improbable that I should find them all at home, when I called, it is not likely that I should have less than fifteen of these visits of enquiry to make every day. Now, as I am not allowed to make these calls by proxy, even if I had the means of paying for a deputy, I should be glad to be put in the way of getting through them: for as I have already observed I have little leisure to spare; which will not be wondered at, when it is recollected that besides my regular duty on Wednesdays and

Fridays. I have every week so many to marry, so many to church, so many to baptize in public and in private, so many visitations to pay to the sick, and so many to bury : besides catechizing children, attesting affidavits of various kinds, attending vestries to take care of the temporal concerns of the church, and many other things which are amongst the duties of the clerical profession. In short a London curate is harder worked and worse fed than a hackney coach-horse. All these various occupations left me little time for meditation, or the composition of sermons. Then what shall I do now? But if it were possible for me to comply with the strict requisition of the law, to what insults and mortifications should I not be exposed in the execution of so unpleasant a duty ! To be treated with contemptuous disdain by the rich, and to follow the poor into the miserable haunts of vice and poverty, encountering the filth and dangers of dark alleys, courts, and lanes, and diving into cellars, or mounting up ladders into roofless garrets. And all to be laughed at or abused ! This I have already experienced: a bridegroom, whom, after much pains, I had hunted to his lair, when he had sufficiently amused himself and a party of his friends, who lodged in the same cellar with him, by cracking his vulgar jokes upon my profession, and making some grossly indecent comments upon the immediate object of my enquiry, became extremely angry in the end because I would not sit down and smoke a pipe with him over a pot of porter ; swearing that I was a true parson, for I bore malice. And it was but yesterday, that, visiting a girl who cries sprats about the streets, and who had consented to become the bride of a negro shoe-black, I found her alone in her room ; when in the

abundance of her good humour and hospitality she would fain have broiled some sprats for me, and made me partake a quartern of gin with her. What other favours she intended me, I know not, but I escaped from her with no less difficulty than Joseph from the wife of Potiphar, and scarcely avoided his accident; though heaven knows the loss of the skirts of my coat, would have been a most serious loss to me. At the noise of the scuffle between us, all her fellow lodgers came out: I could not bear up against the flood of ribaldry and vulgar ridicule, which they poured forth upon me, on the occasion; I have still in my ears the sound of the horse-laugh, with which they pursued me out of their miserable hovel. I rushed from the alley like a hunted hare, I never before felt so keenly the mortifying situation of

Nov. 24th, 1809. A LONDON CURATE.

THE CRITIC.

No. I.

THAT to conduct a literary undertaking, such as ours, must require the most unremitting industry, and the most persevering fortitude, is a proposition of which the truth will scarcely be disputed by those who are at all acquainted with the difficulties and discouragements to which we are continually subjected. The jealousy of rivals; the malignity of the wicked and the worthless; and the distrust of the inattentive and the fearful, all

conspire to render our situation at once disagreeable and dangerous. But whatever may be the extent of the inconvenience, or the magnitude of the dangers to which the conscientious discharge of our duty naturally exposes us, they are more than counterbalanced by the satisfaction that is derived from the consciousness of having performed our duty to society. No triumph can be more enviable than that of truth and rectitude over the artifices of the mean, and the violence of the revengeful. The cause of virtue will be ultimately victorious, and we are not unwilling to endure the hardships of the contest, in the hope of enjoying the honours of the victory.

To those who have favoured us by only a casual perusal of our monthly criticisms, their apparent severity must have excited some degree of suspicion and astonishment. We have not only frequently had the misfortune to differ from the majority of our critical contemporaries, but sometimes to dissent from the opinion of the public. There is scarcely a popular work of the preceding year respecting which we have not expressed ourselves in terms of decided disapprobation; and many characters to whom the public has been accustomed to look up with respect, or admiration, have received from us the most severe and unremitted castigation.

Yet there is no department of our work to which we can look back with greater pleasure than to our review. Every successive day has confirmed the justice of our decisions, and established the truth of our predictions. The vapid and indecent productions of Wigmore-street manufacture have long since been consigned to the book-stalls or the snuff-shops: the poems of Byron, Wordsworth, and Stewart, are no longer remembered but by

their respective authors : the essays of Examiner Hunt, assisted by all the arts of vulgar and reiterated puffing, are mouldering in unpitied decay : Gertrude of Wyoming, recommended by the united patronage of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and *maugre* all the influence of Mr. Campbell's publishers, " still dwells on the dusty shelf, and still shall there remain : " and the " Life of Romney," that charming model of discrimination and unaffected biography, retains its station by the side of " pretty stories for the nursery, adorned with cuts."

On the other hand there is scarcely an instance of our having mentioned a work with approbation, in which our sentiments have not been confirmed by the decision of the public. Our reviews of Hodgson's Juvenal, of Cœlebs, of John de Lancaster, and of many other meritorious publications, will prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that we are neither insensible to real excellence, nor afraid to praise it.

In our notice, however, of such works as were deserving of approbation, we have made a deviation from our general rule, of which we shall be careful to avoid the frequent repetition. The great object of our undertaking is to render folly ridiculous and vice detestable. Merit will always command success, but that success will be sometimes shared by the worthless and the wicked. If we defeat the impertinent and surreptitious claims of the undeserving, the legitimate sons of genius and virtue will not be deprived of their reward. The Farmer's Boy has worked its way into public estimation, in spite of the unhappy praises of his patron ; and the tragedy of Douglas has become the most popular of our modern dramas, though the critical oracle of the period at which

it was first published, declared it to be unworthy of scenic representation.

If we cast only a casual glance over "the London Catalogue," we shall find the names of innumerable works which were once hailed with rapturous admiration of contemporary critics, but of which no other memorials than their titles are now preserved; and we must therefore conclude either that they were at first received with injudicious indulgence, or that they have since been treated with undeserved severity. But the deliberate sentence of the public is more likely to be correct than the hasty expression of its unpremeditated opinion. If, out of twenty thousand books that have received a certain proportion of popular applause, between the years 1770 and 1802, only a few hundreds are now regarded as above contempt, what reason have we to suppose that the discrimination of the public is at present more acute, or that its temper is less indulgent and compassionate?

To correct this propensity to outrageous and indiscriminate admiration is the first duty incumbent on a servant of the public, and to this object the exertions of the *Critic* shall be exclusively directed. He will endeavour to repress the arrogance of unsupported pretension, and to degrade the assumed majesty of the illegitimate usurpers of military honours. That all his remarks will be received with respect or acquiescence, he will not presume to hope; but they may at least amuse those whom they are too feeble to convince; and may accustom the lounging automata of the circulating libraries to a habit of literary enquiry.

CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

Part IV.*

MANY more kind providences have I to relate, which I shall note down without regarding the order of time in which they happened, but just as they arise to my memory; for the strengthening their belief, in whom the faith is weak. Whenever I wanted any thing I prayed: and "I used my prayers as gunners use their swivels;" turning them every way as the various cases required,† and firing shot after shot till I hit my mark, whether it was food or raiment, a horse, a maid, a wife, or widow: and I never failed to bring them down in the end. I am sure that I always put up such prayers, when I was alone; for as the heathen said he was never less alone than when alone, so it behoveth me as a christian to say contrarywise, that I am never more alone, that when in company; and if this answer suit not the cavillers let them get a better where they can, They may call me a beggar if it please them; I am content: "I have found begging to be a delightful employ;" not but that I avoided begging when there was any other safe way of getting what I wanted. I remember at a time when "a surtout coat I had was got very thin and bad, and the weather

* For Part I, II, and III. see SATIRIST, VOL. III. and IV.

† Bank of Faith, part 1. p. 84. ‡ Ibid. part II. p. 37.

was very cold, it happened that I was invited to preach at a little place near London. As I went thither I felt the cold very severely ;” and when I had taken off my coat to deliver my discourse, my teeth chattered and I could not utter a word till I was warmed with the spirit. When I had ended, I went into a little room, which was fitted up for our private devotions, and love-feasts, where I had left my old garment, “ in order to put it on before I went out of the warm meeting-house :” when, lo, hanging on the peg beside it I beheld “ a new one ! I said to myself it was not mine. But a secret voice within me whispered me it was : and though I insisted upon it, that it was not, the secret voice persisted in saying it was. So,” though I had reason to believe it belonged to a stout young man who was so deeply engaged in private communion with a pious sister as not to perceive me, I put it on and it fitted me very well. In one of the pockets there was a letter, which informed me that my blessed Lord and master had sent it me to wrap my poor worthless carcase in during that very severe winter. Oh the tender care of our most gracious lord and master !”^{*} This was a lucky day to me ; for in my return home over a common I perceived a horse, standing bridled and saddled without a rider. I had often prayed for a horse, and here was a full answer to my prayers. It was growing dark, no one was near, so I resolved to take it, as I could but return it when it was asked for. “ So I mounted my horse and rode home, and he turned out as good an animal as ever was rode.” I had not forgot some curious

* Ibid. part 1. p. 103.

receipts which I had learnt in my infancy of the charitable rat-catcher who comforted my mother; and I now put them in practice to change such spots and marks about my horse, as I did not like: it took me up the whole night, but my labour was not lost, for by the morning I had changed his four white feet, and a white mark on his forehead to the same chesnut colour as the rest of his coat, and I hogged his mane, and trimmed his tail and ears, and altogether so altered his appearance, that the mother that bare him would not have known him again. But it chanced that he was never enquired for. "I believe this horse was the gift of God, because he tells me in his word that all the beasts of the forest are his, and so are the cattle on a thousand hills. I have often thought that if my horse could have spoken, he would have had more to say than Balaam's ass; as he might have said, I am an answer to my master's prayers. I live by my master's faith, travel with mysteries, and suffer persecution, but I do not know for what;" for many a stone has been thrown at him.*

"I now told God that I had more work for my faith now than heretofore; for the horse would cost half as much to keep him as my whole family. In answer to which this scripture came to my mind with power and comfort, *Verily thou shalt be fed.* This was a bank note put into the hand of my faith, which when I got poor, I pleaded before God, and he answered it. So that I lived and cleared my way just as well when I had my horse to keep, as I did before; for I could not then get any thing either to eat, drink, wear or use, without begging it of God.†" that

* Ibid, p. 15. † Ibid.

is, taking it wherever I could find it, so I had now only to take a little more, and I was always of opinion that it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

“ They have a common saying in the wild of Kent when the daughter of an old farmer is married. If it be enquired what portion the old man gave, the answer is, ‘ He gave not much money ; but the old people are always sending them something---there is always something sent from a farm-house.’ Then the observation usually is, ‘ Aye, her’s is a hand-basket portion, which is generally the best ; for there is no end to that.’ Even so our Everlasting Father gives to his poor children a hand-basket portion---a basket being that which we generally fetch our daily provisions in : and God sometimes puts his blessing even in the basket, and then it seldom comes home empty ; as it is written, *Blessed shall be thy basket.* Deut. xxviii. 5. Yea, the whole Levitical tribe lived on the hand-basket portion ; for the shew-bred was brought in a basket. *So that God himself has highly honoured the basket.**

“ However I found that God seemed to take pleasure in trying my patience now and then ; and that I ought to importune, and watch and wait upon the Lord, and to keep my eye fixed on him, until I obtained what I wanted.”†
 “ I was very fond of feeding my little ones, when I had wherewithal to feed them, because I knew how much I had suffered when young,” if there was no hen-roost in the neighbourhood at which I could get, as I have before mentioned. “ But when I used to shut the cupboard door, and give them nothing but bread, my eldest daughter would look me in the face with much earnestness and

* Bank of Faith, p. 105. † Ibid, p. 119.

solemnity, and ask me this important question, ‘*Is the boo all boppee, daddy?*’ which gibberish, by interpretation, signified ‘is the butter all gone, father?’ She would at such times lean her head on one shoulder, look me full in the face, and lay a particular emphasis upon the particle *all*, which she would draw out with a very long tone:” ‘*Is the boo aw-aw-ll boppeee, daddy?*’ Oh, she was a sweet little saint, she had no leanness in her soul, but knew very well on which side her bread was buttered. I forget whether she loved muffins or crumpets best; but the Lord hath taken her to himself now, so of course she has her choice.

“At another time when Providence had been exercising my faith and patience till the cupboard was quite empty, in answer to a simple prayer he sent ‘one of the largest hams that I ever saw:’† It fell off the roof of a stage-coach that passed daily by my door; and though the coachman by this means might be said to have brought his pigs to a bad market, if he did not know how to save his bacon, it was no business of mine to teach him: all notions of that sort were gammon to me. I thenceforth called my house the land of Ham.

After this the bountiful hand of my Lord seemed to be closed again for a long time; but just as the spirit of murmuring and complaining began to operate, there came a letter to me. I opened it, and found the following contents:

DEAR FRIEND,

“I have sent you a hamper, and have directed it to be left for you at the old place. The first present

* Bank of Faith, 108. † Ibid. 124.

is for your wife, which is two ends, the other is for your children, being a cow and her milk-maid attending her ; the last article, according to my judgment, is a very useful thing for you, and for every gospel minister. J. D."

" Here was a riddle, and it puzzled us not a little. My dame asked me, if my present was a bible. I said no, I believed not.* Nobody would be so foolish as to send me a bible ; what use would that be to me. Then as to the cow and the maid, we could not make them out at all : and I saw my dame's mouth watering at the thought of the two ends. What could they be ? Were they black puddings, or white puddings, or rumps and chitterlings ? There was no end to guessing about these ends. When the hamper came we all got round it, to see what was the substance of the riddle in the carcass of the lion ; and, when it was opened, I found that my present was a bullock's tongue dried ; my dame's two ends were two large pieces of bacon ; and the children's present was a cheese, with the print of a cow and milk-maid milking her on it. Such was the present, and this was the explanation of the riddle." †

Some months after my dame had received her two ends, she told me she would want things for her lying-in, and " gave me a large catalogue of necessaries." " I told her I had no money, nor was there any signs of my having any : " and that she would not have wanted it of me, if she had not neglected her private devotions. ' I believe this drove my dame to prayer,' for soon after this she often would go out empty-handed, and return with a parcel of baby-things, which she had found growing on the hedges. " Thus the universal provider richly provides not only for

* Bank of Faith, p. 115. † Ibid.

them that are in the world, but for them also that are coming into it. I now asked the old woman if she thought she had got enough. She replied, 'Yes, and more than enough;' God had exceeded all her desires; for she had feared that she should not get money to buy the stuff to make up her little things; and that, if she did get it, it would have been so late, that she should not have had time to make them. 'But God,' said she, 'has sent them *ready-made*.' So Mary was very well pleased, and richly supplied."*

During the time of her confinement, I was invited home by a pious sister, whose spouse was absent, to sleep at her house. In the morning, while I was yet in bed, "she told me, smiling, she had twelve yards of stuff damask by her, which she intended to make me a present of, for a morning gown. I laughed, and told her that I thought a tinker would cut a strange figure in a morning-gown. I should appear like a beggar in dignity; but that was better than dignity in ruins. However, she saw that I began to be lifted up, wherefore she insisted on my having it;† so she arose satisfied and so was I. But "because a gown has such a cottish appearance on a labourer in the vineyard, I turned it into a banyan or coat; though after it was made up I hid it for two or three months, before I thought it safe to appear in it;"‡ for I knew not where my fair handmaid might have procured it, and it was of a very remarkable pattern, so that it might easily be known again.

"Another year having rolled over my head, I began to look about for my livery; for I always took care to let my propitious master know when my year was out. How-

* Bank of Faith, p. 111. † Ibid, p. 119. ‡ Ibid, p. 94.
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ever he exercised my patience for six weeks together about this livery : I looked all manner of ways for it ; but every door seemed shut up,"* and so strongly guarded that pick-locks were of no use. (" You know, reader, we are all very fond of running before God ; but he takes his own pace). " At length I was informed that a gentleman wanted to see me. Accordingly I went, and was admitted to the gentleman and his spouse. He wept, and begged I would not be angry at what he was going to relate," which was, that his wife had for a long time earnestly desired to make me a present of a pair of breeches, as she had observed that those which I had on, were almost worn out by my kneeling so often to my private devotions, and that if I would accept of these, he wished to add to them a coat and waistcoat ; " but he was afraid I should be offended at his offer, and refuse it.---' Ah ! ' says Envy, ' there need be no fear of that, for methodist parsons are all for what they can get.' *It is true ;* for we are commanded to *covet earnestly the best gifts*, and so we do : †" and it is none but those who would fain go bare-breeched that would pretend to say that a good stout pair of leather breeches are not a good gift : " and this is no more than our Master has promised to give us ; for we are to receive an hundred fold in this world. The good couple both wept for joy upon my accepting the clothes, and I laughed in my sleeve that they gave them so freely." ‡ But I was not ungrateful to this pious sister, and repaid her afterwards not only for her labour of love in regard to the breeches, but also in regard to what she had prompted her husband to do also : and I never called on such occasions that she did not refresh me with a comfortable mess of egg-

* *Bank of Faith*, p. 94. † *Ibid*, p. 94. ‡ *Ibid*.

flip, or some other strengthening cordial. She was a mistress that thought the labourer worthy of his hire.

" I lived in this manner for seven or eight years together, and every day afforded some providence or trial."*

THE ENGLISH HYPERBOLUS.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM a *plain* man, who, after many years diligent application to business, have acquired a *pretty* competency, and am now retired to enjoy myself. I have a snug country seat at Stepney-green, where my friends are so kind as to visit me frequently, and where I should be proud to see *you*, if so be as how you should at any time chuse to exchange the " populous city," " where houses thick and sewers annoy the air," for the " rural sights" and " rural sounds" of the country, " among the pleasant villages and farms."

Being averse to field sports I employ much of my time in reading, and I think *you* will allow me to be not deficient in taste, when I tell you that THE SATIRIST is a never-failing source of amusement to me, and that I look forward to the *first* of every month with as much pleasure as a school boy to the holidays. But not having had much *book* learning, and being unacquainted with any other tongue than my own (I beg pardon, Mr. Satirist, I must add, and *my*

* Bank of Faith, p. 110.

wife's, for that I have, "in heart, by heart, and out of heart)," I sometimes lose much of the *point* of many of your papers. For instance, in your first article for November, where a certain *city orator* is styled *Hyperbolus*, when I wished to know the *why* and the *wherefore*, I was referred to a note which was all *heathen Greek to me*. But at I am rather of an inquisitive turn, I was resolved to find out what sort of a man Hyperbolus *was*, and to see whether there were *any* resemblance between *him* and *any* *demagogue* of the *present day*; and, "for the benefit of the *country gentlemen*" I have made the following extracts from my *English* library.

"There was in *Athens* a citizen, named Hyperbolus, a very wicked man, whom the comic poets generally made the *object of their raillery* and invectives. He was hardened in evil, and become insensible to infamy, by renouncing all sentiments of honour, which could only be the effect of a soul abandoned entirely to vice. Hyperbolus *was not agreeable to any one*, and yet the people *made use of him* to humble those in high stations, and *involve them in difficulties*. Hyperbolus, whose *only* merit was IMPUDENCE, in hopes of succeeding whichever of them should be removed, declared openly against them, and *was eternally exasperating the people*." Rollin's Ancient History, Vol. 3. p. 290.

"The Athenians being divided into *two* factions, the subtlest and most profligate of wretches gained ground. Such was Hyperbolus of the *ward* of Perithois; a man *whose boldness was not owing to any well-grounded influence, but whose influence was owing to his BOLDNESS*, and who by the credit which he had acquired was A DISGRACE TO THE CITY. This wretch had no apprehension of being

exiled by the honourable suffrage of the ostracism, because he knew himself to be fitter for a gibbet. Hoping, however, that if one of these great men were banished, he should be able to make head against the other, *he did not dissemble his joy at their spirit of party, but strove to exasperate the people against both.*" Plutarch in the life of Nicias, Vol. 3. p. 386.

"There was at Athens *one* Hyperbolus, of the ward of Perithoïs; whom Thucydides (here I fancy, Mr. Satirist, I have *nicked* your correspondent's note) mentions as a very bad man, and *who was a constant subject of ridicule for the comic writers.* But he was unconcerned at the worst things which they could say of him; and being regardless of honour, he was also *insensible of shame.* This, though *really* IMPUDENCE and FOLLY, is by *some* people called fortitude and a noble daring. But though *no one liked him,* the people nevertheless made use of him, *when they wished to strike at persons in authority.*" Plutarch in Alcibiades. Vol. 2. p. 138.

But black, Sir, as he is painted, let us *give the poor devil his due.* I "am free to confess" that I cannot find that either the *President* of the *Areopagus*, the *Prytanes* or any of the *Archons*, ever declared that *Hyperbolus* "was a man whose oath was not to be believed in a court of justice."

What your correspondent can mean by the *virtues* of Cleon, I am at a loss to conjecture, for Plutarch tells me "he had *nothing to recommend him, except his impudence and his bawling in the rostrum.*" Vol. 3. p. 482. And Rollin says, "he was insupportably proud, and his audaciousness was not to be restrained. He had a vehement, impetuous, and *furios* kind of eloquence, which prevailed over the minds of his auditors, not so much by the

strength of his arguments, as by the boldness of his declamation. It was Cleon who first set the example of *bawling* in assemblies, where the greatest decorum and moderation had till then been observed, and of *running up and down the hustings* whilst he was making his speech. In a word, he first introduced among the orators an ungovernable licentiousness, and a *contempt of decency*; a licentiousness and contempt, which soon introduced terrible irregularities and confusion in public affairs." Vol. 3. p. 276.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your humble servant,

Dec. 5, 1809.

JAMES BROWN.

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CANDOUR OF THE PARTY--HONESTY OF THE  
BRITISH PRESS--EXPEDITIONS OF  
"ALL THE TALENTS."

---

SIR,

BEING rather too early, one day last month, for the *Camberwell* stage, I stepped into the *Pewter Platter*, from whence it sets out, intending to wait till the coachman should call me. While a *sandwich* which I had ordered was preparing, the *pot-boy* very civilly brought me a newspaper to amuse myself with, with the title of which I was totally unacquainted, as I did not know such a paper was in existence, never having met with it at any respectable coffee-house. It was called "*The British Press*." It seemed to be a bigoted partizan of "*All the Talents*,"



*bepraised* Lord Grenville to the skies, and plentifully *be-fooled* all those who venture to be of a different opinion to his Lordship. Indeed, the *champion* seemed worthy of the *cause*, "and Nature framed the *scribbler* for the *peer*."

After heartily amusing myself with the fulsome attempts at panegyric, and the impotent ebullitions of calumny that, with the exception of advertisements, composed the first three pages, *laughter* was compelled to yield to *indignation* when I arrived at the fourth. In *this* a long article occurred, professing to contain an account of the expeditions that had been sent out from this country for the last sixteen years; stating the *time* of their setting out; the *commander* under whom they went; the *object* which they had in view; and the *result* of the enterprize. As the truly *British* diaphragm of the writer seemed to be tickled, by announcing that many of these had failed, I was anxious to discover what effect would be produced upon him by the recording of each "bold emprize" that shed such inextinguishable radiance over the transitory reign of "*All the Talents*," and hurried my eye down till I came to the "Fox administration." This title, by the bye, Mr. Satirist, is not very civil to Lord Grenville, to make him play only *second-fiddle* to Mr. Fox, when he looks upon himself to be as well qualified to be *leader of a band* as Cramer or Viotti. But would you believe it, Sir, (oh! yes, *you*, who are well aware of the fair dealing and open manliness of *the party*, will readily believe it) that mention was made of *no other* expedition under the auspices of this luminous administration, this "*concentration of ALL THE TALENTS of the Empire*," than the successful and gallant exploit of Sir J. Stuart at Maida? Was it *modesty*, *shame*, or *ignorance*

that induced the *candid* historian to *slur* over one or two expeditions planned by these modern MACHIAVELS ? expeditions which, I boldly predict *will immortalize the memory of their administration* so long as a British forehead can scowl the *frown of indignation*, or raise the *sneer of scorn*. As among *all the* boasted *talents* neither *modesty* nor *shame* held a very conspicuous place, while *ignorance* glared in the full front, I am inclined to attribute the omission to the score of the latter. But as it would be "a thousand pities" that so capital and patriotic an article should be incomplete, I will endeavour to supply the deficiency, for which I doubt not to receive the editor's best thanks, the day after your next number is published at the farthest. I must, however, premise two things: *First*, that I cannot give dates with the same accuracy as the editor of the *British Press*, not being furnished with documents by *the party*. This, however, is of little importance; for as, fortunately for this kingdom, "*All the Talents*" were extinguished, after having glimmered for about *a year*, whoever is anxious to ascertain the time of any expedition more exactly, knows to a nicety that his enquiries may be restricted to the file of newspapers for 1807. *Secondly*, that it is not my intention to cast the slightest imputation on those gallant officers, Sir J. T. Duckworth and the late General Frazer. They did all they could do, and all the force allotted them would permit, and the blame must attach to the planners of these Quixotic expeditions.

I now proceed, Sir, to my Supplement to the account (which appeared in the *British Press*) of the expeditions that have been sent from this country for the last sixteen years.

ADMINISTRATION OF "*All the Talents*."

(or, as the *British Press* niggardly calls it, the Fox ADMINISTRATION; but why shall Fox "*rapiet ad se quod ERIT COMMUNE OMNIUM?*")

## EXPEDITION TO CONSTANTINOPLE!

*When sent.* 1807.

*Commander.* Sir J.T. Duckworth.

*Force.* Seven sail of the line, besides frigates and bomb-vessels.

*Object.* Now *here*, Mr. Satirist, I readily confess *my* ignorance, and I never yet could find *any one* who was capable of giving me information on this subject. If the *object* was to bully the *Turk*, the *result* must be that "they caught a *Tartar*."

*Result.* "ENGLAND, \*

WHILE IN A STATE OF PROFOUND PEACE WITH"

Turkey (*British Press*),

"threatens to bombard her capital;" (*ibid.*)---the force

sent against it returns after

"*a loss far from trifling*,"

(Sir J. Duckworth's *letter*)

fortunate in getting off so well; as had the ships staid only a little longer,

"*it would have been a very doubtful point whether a return lay open to us at all!*" (*ibid.*)

## COMMENTARY.

\* "That which is *morally* wrong cannot be *politically* right." Fox. *Selected as l'envoi* to the Copenhagen expedition by the *British Press*.

"Sir John Duckworth appears to have done every thing that was possible to effect the object of the expedition; BUT THE EXPEDITION ITSELF WAS SO ILL-CONTRIVED THAT SUCCESS WAS NOT TO BE EXPECTED. It WAS GENERALLY CONDEMNED not *only* as being INJU-



DICIOUS and WEAK, but SILLY and CHILDISH." *Annual Register*, 1807, p. 200.

#### EXPEDITION TO ALEXANDRIA!!

*When sent.* 1807.

*Commander.* Gen. Frazer.

*Force.* 5000 men.

*Object.* I am still in the above-mentioned pitiable predicament, Mr. Satirist.

*Result.* "ENGLAND WHILE IN A STATE OF PROFOUND PEACE WITH" (*vide supra*) Turkey, captures the city of Alexandria. After two *unsuccessful* attempts to penetrate farther into the country, in which a loss was sustained of upwards of 1300 in killed, wounded, and missing, are glad to get off with having the troops who had been made prisoners restored.

#### COMMENTARY.

"The expedition to Alexandria was MORE GENERALLY CENSURED AS SILLY and CHILDISH, than even that against Constantinople." *Annual Register*, 1807, p. 205.

#### EXPEDITION TO BUENOS AYRES!!

*When sent.* 1807.

*Commander.* Gen. Whitelocke.

*Force.* 12000 men.

*Object.* "The reduction of

*Result.* "TOTALLY FAILED---failed with the deplorable loss of a large portion of the gallant army engaged in it; and failed not

Buenos Ayres." (Judge Advocate's Speech on the Court Martial.)

only in the object of its intention, but *ended in the absolute surrender of those valuable advantages the valour of the British troops had, under another commander, previously acquired in the important possession of Monte Video.*"

" This *disappointment* has also been *painfully embittered* by the DISGRACE which a *failure* under all such circumstances has affixed to the BRITISH ARMS." (Judge Advocate's Speech on the Court Martial.)

And now, Mr. Satirist, I must conclude with *generously* offering to the *Editor of the British Press*, or at least the *writer of the article* above alluded to, his option between the title of FOOL and that of KNAVE. Were I aware of any *middle term*, it should be equally at his service. If, *professing to give* an account of the expeditions that have been sent from this country for the last sixteen years, *he really were ignorant* of those which I have now brought before him, how can he disclaim his right to the *former* title? *If he were acquainted with them*, but in his partiality for "*All the Talents*," was unwilling to blazon their

imbecility, how is he to escape *taking a high degree* among those decorated with the *latter* title?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

VINDEX.

Camberwell green, Dec. 4, 1809.

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### HINTS TO FLORISTS.

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*A dramatic Fragment, attempted after the Elegancies of modern Style.*

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THE beauties of nature have so long been a subject of eulogium, that modern taste deserves to be immortalized from having struck out *new* beauties from her deformities, and the exquisite ear which can extract harmony from discord, ought certainly to be accompanied by an eye which can be best pleased with the glare of contrasted colours. As a florist then, you must be remarked, not so much for the beauty as for the singularity of your stock; if you can produce *one* polyanthus as a *monster*, you are amply repaid for all your time and trouble. In this pursuit, your knowledge of the *sexual system* of *Linneus*, is in some measure necessary, as you must not trust an illiterate gardener with the gentle loves and bizarre amours of your family--of *flowers*, I mean. No! you yourself must be confidante to their little loves, and to the whole train of maiden violations and *crim. cons.* of the balmy breathing tribe. Methinks I see you! like the



god of love, with dewy footsteps, introducing the coy and distant lovers to each other's arms, bringing "sweet william" to the "lady's smock," and "ragged robbin" to the "prim rose," until the evening zephyr rises and wafts their mutual sighs around in wild confusion. I see the gay "jonquil" and blue-eyed "Columbine" gently bending towards each other o'er the "lady's bed-straw;"---the "hyacinth" and "asphodel" are wooing the "painted ladies" under the shade of the *Clematis* or "virgin's bower;"---"amaryllis" and "rose campion," with the whole tribe of "Canterbury bells," like the *belles* in the side-boxes, are displaying their charms to every wanton bee, whilst that old maidenish flowret the "everlasting" is nodding her head in all directions to catch the amorous regards of her neighbours, the humble "batchelor's buttons."

Such are the delights of your garden of love,---and happy is he, who, in regulating the tête-à-têtes of his variegated empire, can find a balm for the sorrows of a disappointed or a widowed heart!

But soft!---what gaudy elysium is this that strikes my eye?---is this a toy-shop in a green-house, or a green-house in a toy-shop?---what antique tower is this, whose pigmy battlements frown destruction o'er yon stagnant lake, and whose hoary sides crusted o'er with mouldering oyster-shells seem to invite the weary traveller to seek the inmost recesses of the cool grotto. See! on one side the spiry poplars---one---two---three---six---ten---hah! a whole forest indeed;---on the other, those hoary-headed pollards, like two despairing lovers in the act of seeking a watery grave in the pond below! Is this a bird-cage, surrounded by its green latticed frame, entwined with the

French bean and wanton honey-suckle? Surely, it must be the dwelling of the sylvan gods and goddesses who preside over this Eden in miniature—and behold, a pair of tender lovers now advancing from its ivy-clad portal, he the image of the god Bacchus himself, when erst amidst gambols of the capering *Silenus*, he bestrode the jolly tun——she, the goddess of plenty, though without her cornucopiæ——sweet gentle pair! trotting to your evening repose in the half-inclosed tale-telling arbour—may no rude steps disturb your slumber! Hah! it is, it is indeed, my old friend Sir Omnium Gatherall, and his meek and thriving helpmate, the fair Blowselina—herself, in the halcyon days of youth, the very *Flora* and *Pomona* of the time. Oft had she “brought flowers, brought odours” to the busy capital; oft had the streets of the gay metropolis resounded to her juvenile lays of “twelve bunches a penny, sweet lavender,” or her more “*tasteful incantations* of “All round and sound black-heart cherries;” oft in the temples sacred to *Thespis*, had she presented the fragrant and juicy orange to the notice of thirsty critics, or handed the balmy *Capillaire*, chaste and simple juice of the *Adranthum*, or maiden hair, to the simpering and meretricious fair one—till, in an evil hour, “the fell-despoiler came;”—yet, rising superior to her misfortune, her expanding charms attracted the attention of the gay and economic Mr. Gatherall, she became his friend, but “friendship with woman is sister to love:”—a few, a very few waning moons had passed over, when *Hymen* divided the empire with his brother *Cupid*—no gentle emblems of their affections have yet appeared to attend their footsteps, but here, on each revolving Saturday, retired from all the pomp and bustle of Dowgate-

hill, they wander in this paradise of their own creation. Now, stepping o'er the flowery mound, let me enter and pay my respects---

MOTLEY.---“ My dear friend, Sir Omnium, I am happy to meet you thus apropos. Lady Gatherall! your most obedient; well may the world sigh, if your ladyship thus hides your glowing charms amidst *these woods and wilds*.

LADY G.---“ Nay, Mr. Motley, I vow you are too gallant: indeed, I told Sir Omnium, I thought he planted too thick a grove in front of the house---the common is quite shut out--Before the nursery-man sent this wood down from town, we had a very good view of the gibbet, but Sir Omnium says, that in *Arcadia* every man slept under his own poplar.”

SIR OMNIUM.---“ And you, my lady, seem determined to let me sleep no where; up or abed, your tongue will go---here have I not yet been able to bid my friend Motley welcome.”

LADY G.---“ Nay, lovee, you are too unkind---how oft have you said, sweet Blowselina, let me yet hear those tender accents---but so it is, Mr. Motley, happiness in possession loses half its charms. Now what think you of our improvements?---here could *I* wander for ever among these alleys, but Sir Omnium sighs for *Change-alley*; here you see our *stocks* are getting up.

SIR OMNIUM.---“ Hah! what do you say? *stocks* getting up! Eh!”

MOTLEY.---“ 'Tis only your *stock-gilliflowers*, Sir Omnium, which are rising a little after these gentle showers.”



LADY G.---“ And here, Mr. Motley, see how this *honesty*, and the other deciduous shrubs, are flourishing in this warm corner.”

SIR OMNIUM.---“ I hate these shrubs, I'll have them all rooted out---let us have evergreens here---in a few days I shall attend the sale at Marsh Hall. I have been promised some good bargains there; Potiphar's wife and Joseph, are all complete except Joseph's coat, and another season will finish that; and Moses in the burning bush will be perfect as soon as the bush is grown---but my dear Motley, what think you of my improvements? always doing a little, you see, as my Lady Gatherall says. There's my weathercock, you see, true as Lloyd's, when the wind blows the same way---and my sundial too---Eh!”

MOTLEY.---“ Your *sun-dial*, Sir Omnium, why it is loose, it turns round!

SIR OMNIUM.---“ Ha! he! good---very good---why, man, I always regulate it by St. Paul's!

MOTLEY.---“ I protest, Sir Omnium, I did not think of that convenience, but I presume you always regulate your weather-cock also by the Royal Exchange.

SIR OMNIUM.---“ Nay, nay, my good friend, you are facetious; but look---look---what think you of this garden-seat? half a dozen friends may smoke their pipes here comfortably, and see (*lifting up the seat*) saves room you see, quite snug, this trough feeds all the pigs!

MOTLEY.---“ Indeed, Sir Omnium, it is quite a multum in parvo, but where is her ladyship?”

SIR OMNIUM.--“What, has she given you the slip? oh, there she is in the *dark walk*---,tis not *dark* yet, to be sure, but when the trees grow 'twill be quite another guess thing. But come, my lady! let's have our tea---nay, nay---step over il, my dear, don't wait to come *round* the walks.”

LADY G.--“Indeed, 'twill be quite a journey to go round the garden, when the hedges are grown; but let *me* shew you our flower-knot, Mr. Motley---look here! here's ‘love lies a bleeding,’ and here's ‘two faces under a hood,’ and here”---

SIR OMNIUM.--“Heugh---heugh”---(*coughs*.)

LADY G.--“My *dear* Sir Omnium, why don't you tie a handkerchief round your neck, lovey---and here, Mr. Motley, here's ‘heart's ease’ and the ‘golden Iris,’ and---”

*Cætera desunt; hiatus valde deflendus.*

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## INNS.

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It is very generally asserted, and as generally believed, that travelling is no where so convenient as in England: I dare say the remark is just, but I believe all travellers find to their cost that such convenience is very expensive. A slender purse will procure few comforts on the road, and the respect and attention of the innkeeper will be in proportion to the equipage of his guest. I have travelled in various ways, over every part of England, and have

never yet been able to discover those attractions which Fielding and Sterne, adopting the sentiments of Burton, professed to find in the parlour of an inn. If you have money, and patience to submit with your eyes open to the numerous impositions which are practised on you, you may, perhaps, find the host and his servants attentive and civil ; but though leeches may occasionally be of service, I never felt much attachment to the leech that drained me. Every person on the road, with whom the traveller has any thing to do, seems joined in a conspiracy against his purse. If he travel post, what demands are made on him by post-boys, ostlers, turnpike-men, waiters, and chambermaids ! If by the stage, what a succession of porters, coachmen, and guards, prey on him as he proceeds on his journey, and what sums must he pay for meals which he has no time to eat ! If he travel on horseback, he has a double source of expence and anxiety ; for he may as well expect to find an ostler without tricks as a chambermaid with virtue.

I had experienced the inconveniences of all these modes of travelling, and wishing to make an excursion to the west in the course of last autumn, that I might avoid as many of them as I could, and be as independent as possible, I resolved to journey on foot. With no other incumbrance, therefore, than a change of linen, and accompanied only by a favourite dog, I set out ; it is my custom to proceed without stopping as far as I mean to go for the day, that I may sit down comfortably after dinner, and drink my wine and read the news : so resolving to get as soon as possible out of the noise of town, I had passed the thirtieth mile-stone before I thought of dining : but the fresh air and exercise having now made me hungry, I was not sorry



when I discovered the church-steeple of the little town that lay before me. I had several times changed horses at this town, when travelling post, and had a very perfect recollection of the landlord of the inn, where I now proposed to rest. He had always appeared to me to be extremely attentive and polite. He was standing in the doorway of his house, as I came up; and though I am not in the habit of saluting those with whom I am not familiar, I felt that I could not well pass a man in such a situation unnoticed. I perceived, however, that he did not seem much flattered by my notice; and as he just made room enough for me to pass into his house, I perfectly understood the side-long look which he cast at the little bundle that contained my linen, and which I had slung on my stick over my shoulder. He resumed his posture, when he had let me pass, and I proceeded alone into his house. Seeing the door of a room open, and perceiving that the room was empty, I walked in, laid my bundle on the table, and rang the bell. An amphibious sort of animal, half clown and half fop, appeared in the shape of a waiter. He entered hastily with a servile kind of grin, which changed the moment that he beheld me, into an inquisitive stare. His eye glanced rapidly from me to my bundle, and from my bundle to my dog, and then returned again to me, measuring me from head to foot. It was the action of a moment, but I needed no explanation of it. He had formed in his own mind a perfect estimate of my consequence, and was prepared to adapt his manners accordingly. I enquired what I could have for dinner. "You cannot dine in this room," said he. "Why not?" demanded I; "We expect *gentlemen* here," replied he. Without noticing the emphasis which he gave to the word *gentlemen*, I observed that any other room would please me as well. "This way

then," said he, pointing to my bundle at the same time, which I understood to be an order to take it with me. I followed him into the passage, where he told me to wait, and he would send somebody to me. At the end of two or three minutes, during which my patience began to evaporate most rapidly, an awkward boy came to me, and conducted me through a long dark passage into a little mean three-cornered room, which looked into the stable-yard. I again asked what I could have for dinner, and my uncouth attendant left me to ascertain the state of the larder. After waiting time enough almost to dress it, he returned with his report that there was nothing cold in the house but a scrag of mutton and a knuckle of veal; but there was a shoulder of mutton which I might have if I liked. I asked if it were dressed. "Dressed," said he, "aye, to be sure, or else I shouldn't ha' offered it ye. Why 'twas sarved up only about an hour ago to the coach passengers: there varnt but five on 'em, so you'll find some nice picking, and I warrant 'tis warmish yet, and you can ha' some of the cabbage and taties as was left." Hungry as I was, I was not tempted by this description, and asked if I could not have a steak or a chop. "Why I don't know," said he, "there be some in the house I believe, but I dont know whether the cook has got a fire to do 'em." He left me to enquire, and returned soon afterwards with the dinner-tray. "You can have a beef-steak," said he, "and I've got the cook to mash you up some taties, as I thought you'd like 'em." "That will do very well," replied I; "but you must got me a pickle too." "Very well," said he, and proceeded to lay the cloth, which seemed to have been in desperate service, for, through the stains with which it was covered

it was not easy to discover its original colour. The whole furniture of the table was of a piece. A knife, loose in the handle, and a fork that had no fellowship or kin to it; an earthen salt-cellar without a spoon; a pepper-box and mustard-pot of the same ware; but the pepper-box so broken at the bottom that it would not stand, and the mustard-pot without a cover. The vinegar-cruet indeed, wanted nothing but a stopper, which was ingeniously supplied by a roll of brown paper, but the vinegar was mothery. This, however, did not affect me, as I had no occasion for it; and I found no difficulty in reconciling to myself the iron spoon, which was substituted for silver; though all these things spoke as plainly the sentiments of the house respecting me, as if my attendant had said, "You are a foot-passenger, so we must take care to leave nothing in your way that you can make free with." I did not care for this: the opinion of such people was not of any importance to me, and at all events I thought I should save more by their contempt of me than I could gain by their respect; for I naturally concluded that I should have less to pay for such accommodations as they seemed inclined to afford me, than if I had made an appearance which would have commanded their best services. At length my steak appeared, and I never ate a tougher or a drier, or one worse cooked: I saw that my attendant cast ever and anon a jealous eye at my dog, and looked not very well pleased, when I gave him a bit which defied my powers of mastication. The cook, however, had taken pretty good care that there should not be enough for us both; and I asked therefore, if I could have any thing for the dog's dinner, and if there was nothing



else, whether there was any more beef-steak that I could have for him. My attendant left me, but presently returned with a sanctified look, and told me, that his mistress wanted to know if I would chuse to have a fowl roasted for the dog; "for, she says he can have nothing else here," added he, "she keeps a house to feed christians, and won't cast the good things of the Lord unto dogs, lest evil fall on her house. That's what mistress bid me tell you," said he, removing the things from the table, "and I believe I remembered her words pretty well, for the minister of our chapel was with her, and he said it over to me twice. Oh! he's a fine man. To be sure, what pains he do take for the love of mistress's soul! Why do you know that sometimes they locks themselves up in the little room behind the bar for a quarter of an hour together; all for the good of mistress's soul. Oh! he's a fine man! a powerful man! You can't think what a power of drink it do take to make him groggy." When I discovered that I was in the regions of methodism, I did not wonder at the coldness of my reception: so I gave my dog the remnants of my dinner, resolving that he should fare better at tea.

I now ordered a pint of wine: the boy stared with amazement: he had nothing to do with the wine he said, but he would speak to the other waiter. While he was gone I thought of a trick which the brother of the celebrated Blackstone used frequently to play, and I determined to practise it on the present occasion. In a short time the waiter, whom I had first seen, appeared. The boy, he said, had told him, that I wanted wine, he wished to know if he had understood me right. I replied, that he had. "What wine do you chuse?" said he. "Port,"

answered I. "It is 5s. a bottle," replied he. "I know it," said I, "but I only want a pint, and that, I take it, is but half-a-crown, which I have no objection to pay." He was leaving the room, when I desired him to bring the bottle with him, and let me decanter off my pint myself, as I was rather nice about my wine. He hesitated a little, but complied; and soon after came back with a bottle and cork-screw, and one of those large vinegar-cruets which are in use at inns for pint decanters. I affected to object to its smallness; he answered pertly that, if any thing, it was over large; his mistress had too much conscience to allow any thing in her house to be under measure. "Very well," said I, "I am satisfied; draw the cork." When he had done so, I filled the decanter; "you may have the decanter," said I, handing it to him, "I prefer the bottom of the bottle." I enjoyed the stupid confusion of the fellow, who was taken so completely by surprize, that having not the slightest objection to offer, he left the room without saying a word.

I procured a pipe without much difficulty, but it was in vain that I asked for the newspaper: I was constantly told that the gentlemen in the traveller's room had got it. These gentlemen, as I found afterwards, were the knights of the saddle-bag, or riders. As evening began to draw in, I thought it necessary to make some enquiries respecting a bed: the chambermaid accordingly came to me. "Why," said she, in answer to my enquiry, "I don't know as how that we can accommodate you, as all our double-bedded rooms be full but one; and one of the beds of that be already engaged to a gentleman; but perhaps," added she, glancing her eye over my dress, "he won't have no objection to your sleeping in'tother bed, I'll ask

him." "Do so;" said I, "pray who is the gentleman?" "I don't know his name," answered she, "but he is a traveller for a quack-medicine warehouse: he seems very good-natured, so I dare say he won't make no objection to you, though you be a foot-passenger. I'll do what I can for you," said she, smiling, as she left the room. I am not easily put out of temper; and in truth there was something in my present situation, which more excited my laughter than my indignation. In an inn, not forty miles from London, with plenty of money in my pocket, and willing enough to pay, I had been poked up in a little dismal hole, where I could get nothing fit either for me or my dog to eat; and now depended for a bed on the intercession of a chamber-maid with the servant of a wholesale dealer in quack medicine, and the reason was not disguised from me; I was a foot-passenger. I was arranging in my mind a fine declamation on the extortion, and insolence, and brutality of innkeepers, when the chamber-maid re-entered. "Well," said she, smiling, "I have managed it for you. I told the gentleman that you was a decentish sort of person, and all that, and so he has no objection to your lying in the same room with him; only he hopes you don't snore." I replied that I could not answer for that, as I could not exactly tell what I did while I was asleep. "Well, never mind," said she, it is no matter; only it will be best to snore as little as you can help, you know." This point being arranged, I desired her to send Boots to me. A considerable time elapsed before he appeared. He brought me for slippers a piece of a woman's shoe, and the foot of an old boot cut down. "D'ye have your shoes black'd?" said he. "To be sure," replied I. "Didn't know," said he, "thought mayhap



you'd like 'em greased." As he said this he left the room, and I observed the significant twist of his mouth, as he turned up the soles of my shoes, and saw the nails which I had had put in the heels. It amused me to find the same spirit of insolence prevailing throughout this house, from the master down to the shoe-black; and this inn might serve as a specimen of all others.

I had still, however, something more to learn of the assurance of innkeepers. Before I went to bed, my clownish attendant brought me the bill. "This is making sure work," said I. "Ees," replied the boy, "you might be off you know in the morning before mistress be up, and 'tis she keeps the books." In looking over the bill, I found that I had been deceived in fancying that I should pay less because I was badly dined and badly accommodated. Every thing was charged as high as if of the best quality, and served in the best manner. It seemed as if I were made to pay not only for their provisions and their trouble, but for the suspicions which they had thought fit to entertain of my capacity to pay at all. Or perhaps, being a foot passenger, and therefore, in their opinion bringing no credit to their house by my custom, they were not content with offering me no respect or attention on that account, but thought it proper to charge me for my want of consequence.

I went to bed with a worse opinion of inns and innkeepers than I had ever entertained before; which was not lessened by perceiving that the sheets of my bed had been slept in before. I quickly removed these, however, and laid myself between the blankets; and as I was fatigued by my journey soon fell asleep.

I had not slept above two or three hours, when I was awakened by loud screams and a violent uproar and confusion of voices in the house, I jumped instantly out of

bed; the gentleman quack traveller, who lay in the same room, was out before me, and led the way to the scene of riot. And in truth a curious scene it was. About a dozen people, with no other covering than that in which they left their beds, were collected together, and in the midst of them the landlady and her cookmaid with no more clothing than the rest, were stripping each other even of that, while the blood streaming down their faces and necks, and their wild streaming hair, bore evident marks of the activity of their hands and nails: nothing could equal the violence and rage with which they fought: while on the floor I perceived the waiter kneeling on the stomach of a man, who I soon found was the gospel minister that I had heard of, and who appeared much intoxicated, and little able to return or resist the hearty knocks with which the waiter belaboured him. It was some time before we could succeed in separating the combatants: and when we did the restraint which we laid on their hands only seemed to add fresh vigour and fury to their tongues. As for the landlord he seemed to enjoy the scene as much as any one, equally regardless of the exposure or the sufferings of his wife. It was natural to enquire the cause of such a battle, and on this point we were soon satisfied. It seemed that there had been for some time an amour between the waiter and the cook-maid; but oh! the inconstancy of woman! the gospel minister had prevailed with her, and when the waiter came this night to her bed-side, he found the gospel minister already there. Jealousy and rage inspired him, and the arm of the flesh was stronger than the spirit, and the methodist lover was felled to the ground. The violence of their contention drew the landlady to the spot, who, it seems, had as much reason to complain of the inconstancy of the spiritual lover as the waiter had of the cook-maid. She therefore

flew instantly like a tygress on her rival, who returned her assault with equal spirit. When we had heard all that each party could say against the other, it was proposed that the methodist parson should be turned into the street, naked as he was, and his clothes thrown after him. This was no sooner thought of than done, and while the three other combatants sneaked silently to their separate beds, the gospel minister was turned out to enjoy the refreshing coolness of a heavy rain.

"So much for inns and innkeepers," thought I, as I returned to my bed. "These things ought to be ordered otherwise; but I do not know how it is to be done."

A PEDESTRIAN.

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## NEW ASSURANCE COMPANY.

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MR. SATIRIST,

NOTWITHSTANDING your gibes and your jeers against that patriotic esquire, William Robert Henry, &c. &c. I am happy to find that persevering genius has made a beginning with his cattle insurance; in short, Sir, he had provided an office and clerks, and no less than twenty esquires as directors to be directed by him. Lord, Sir, the leader of so many squires should be himself a knight at least, and I don't see why the head of a brewery don't deserve that honour as much as the head of a mad-house, particularly as the people they have got to manage must be pretty nearly of the same description. His proposals too are published, which must surely astonish the world; but alas! 'tis not possible for one man, not even for the



multifarious W. R. H. to do every thing; even in this plan, therefore, there is a deficiency, which I, Sir, propose to fill up; and I now request to offer my proposals to the public through your medium.

# **NEW CATTLE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

**OFFICE, SKIN'EM-STREET, SAFFRON-HILL, LONDON.**

*Capital* 0000000l.\*

## **DIRECTORS.**

Myself, Esq. President,

Sir Harry Dimsdale, Esq. Cat's-meat Smith, Esq.

William Soames, Esq. Major Semple, Esq.

Chimney - sweep Dean, W.T.W. X. Y. Z. My Hearty,  
Esq. Esq.

Gin-shop Morris, Esq. Caleb Baldwin, Esq.

Dutch Sam, Esq. Isaac Mendoza, Esq.

Peter the Wild Boy, Esq. John Ketch, Esq.

The great benefits which several projectors, bridge-inventors, tunnel-borers, &c. have experienced from the various establishments in the metropolis, are so evident, that no apology is necessary; and when we consider the great value of the cattle whose lives we intend to insure (being at the same time very careful not to risk our own) it excites some surprize that no plan has been proposed for protecting what may be termed the riches of the poor.

The improvements of late years in the breed of donkeys, since they have become such favourites at the watering-places, have kept pace with the extraordinary demand for small coal, cats and dog's meat, and directors for sub-

\* Nothing looks so well as a line of *cyphers*, I have therefore made a sufficient number of *them*, but I shall not *make a figure* till after the first instalment.

scription companies ;\* and it is obvious that the continued calamities to which they are exposed by the failure of the *Humanity bill* demand attention from those whose feelings are congenial. Our directors possess information, from the gentlemen who write watering-place paragraphs for the morning papers, of the number employed at the various summer resorts, which, with official returns from Chick-lane, the Mint, Brick-lane, &c. has enabled them to form the necessary calculations; the returns from the *mutton-pie* men have enabled them to average the deaths of dogs and cats, and the rat-catcher's bills of mortality have been their bases for the inferior kinds of quadrupeds.

The species to be insured are jack-asses and their wives and families, dogs and their ladies, tom cats and their amiable companions, and in short all animals not insured in the other office.

The premiums of insurances are as follows; one penny in the shilling on the first class; one halfpenny on the second class; and one farthing on all the others.

Higher premiums will be charged on donkeys carrying brick-dust, as their masters having a superior polish, go oftener to the gin shop; and no insurance will be made on the lives of dogs yoked in hand-carts; butcher's dogs if their masters are quarrelsome, will be uninsurable, and lap-dogs, if fed upon roast chicken, will be doubly hazardous, and if proved to have been visited by the doctor, the premium to be forfeited. Donkeys and dogs on board wages will be doubly hazardous, with the exception of gipsy's asses, who are allowed to find themselves; if it shall be proved that any ass has carried an angel weighing

\* I propose soon to form an *Assurance* company for the lives of this latter description; the risk perhaps may be hazardous!

more than fifteen stone, the premiums will be forfeited; and all cats permitted to go on amorous excursions on the house-tops, vulgarly called *catterwauling*, and she-cats in a state of pregnancy, will be doubly hazardous.

In all cases where the company make good such losses as may arise by the deaths of asses, dogs, cats, &c. they shall be allowed to collect the skins by their own old rabbit-skin women.

There are yet vacancies for agents, for which cat's and dog's meat merchants, landlords of gin-shops, little-go keepers, and other gentlemen of respectability will be preferred; and shares are reserved for such gentlemen as at present are *out of the line*.

A deposit of two per cent. must be immediately paid in, and I shall call for more as soon as I want it; all payments to be made to my new London bank, or to Timothy Toast, Esq.

(Signed)

W. R. H. Jun.  
Perpetual President.

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POLITICAL CATTLE-SHEW,

EXTRAORDINARY.

—

THE public had been a long time in eager expectation of this shew of horned cattle, and of other *animals*, many of whose extraordinary qualities had been loudly boasted of by the breeders, we hasten, therefore, gladly to detail the various occurrences of the exhibition which has taken place in the grand national museum, before a numerous assemblage of amateurs. As at the sister exhibition in Sadler's yard, many interesting discussions took place

on the *real* and *comparative* merits of both fat and lean animals exhibited, most of which, however, had been brought to their present *high state of perfection*, by a very great waste, both of time and *provender*, arising not so much from the inaptitude of the *beasts* to fatten, as from the morbid state of their *viscera*, in consequence of which, they never knew when they had enough. The exhibition was considered as open to the public at large, a great concourse of whom rushed in; but *among the friends invited*, we observed Sir Harry Dimsdale, and several other new made knights, together with D. Mendoza, Esq. W. Soams, Esq. many other squires, and a long train of beauty and fashion, from Tothill-row, St. Giles's, and the *summer-resorts* round White-conduit fields.

Colonel W-----e exhibited a remarkable fine grown *Bull*, which he led about for some time by the horns; the animal, however, at length, turned restive, and threw his *leader* in the dirt, a situation which he seemed to relish, as he took great pleasure in spattering the mud on many of the bystanders. This *noted breeder* having speculated rather too deeply, *out of his line*, was in hopes to have made up his losses by the exhibition of a fine *Milch cow*; in this he was disappointed; as he is, however, a *man of judgment*, we wish his friends would put him *in the right line*.

The paper knight, exhibited a huge over-grown calf, fed upon nothing but tarts and turnips; he expatiated largely on the extraordinary volume of his head, and hoped the breed would be encouraged, if only for the sake of the skin, but some of the gentlemen of the *last*, asserted that although it might serve for *rough binding*, it would never do for *upper leathers*.

Mr. Wishart exhibited a blind ass, which had lost his

eyesight by *going round and round* in his tobacco-mill; though the animal seemed rather weakly from being led in, yet he gave a full specimen of his powers, by the loudness of his braying.

Tim B-----n opened a subscription purse for an extraordinary shew of gudgeons, and offered next season to produce a greater quantity of *flat-fish* than any one in the trade; his proposals, however, were not relished, as it was observed that his purse had dropped a *few stitches*, which might require the assistance of a *Taylor* to mend them.

W. H. R. B-----n, ESQUIRE, offered his proposals by which the farmer might ensure his cattle getting fat, his cows giving milk, and his ewes chusing a proper yeanning time; also his plan to guard against bad harvests or a fall in the price of corn; and by which those who were parish officers might insure the usual quantity of bastard children, in order to keep up the stock of vestry-dinners, &c.

Mr. W-----n exhibited a calf with two heads, an animal, which though very lean in the face, appeared to have fattened amazingly; this *lusus naturæ* was explained to have arisen from its having two mouths to feed one body, whilst the lankness of the cheeks was supposed to proceed from the jaws always in motion. Some confusion arose, as to what *pen* to place him in, as instead of a label with a number, it seemed that by mistake, a slip of parchment with a *judge's opinion* had been hung round his neck.

Pater F-----y, Esq. exposed to public view an animal of a very savage nature; it had indeed been found necessary to keep this beast so close in his *pen* for some time, that the mark was still upon his neck. Some alarm was

excited on leading him in, as the keepers had forgot to put a rope round his neck, and the deficiency of parallelism in his visual organs made it rather uncertain at first what course he would take; he was very quiet, however, after the judges had given their opinion.

Mrs. C-----e exhibited a *Welch Goat*, but without horns, a circumstance much lamented by the bystanders. This vicious animal caused some confusion among the company, by his caperings, curvettings, and other motions in the court, being much annoyed by a *Woodman* with his long bill. The judges not approving the length of his beard, much laughter was excited on the second day of the show, as it appeared that he had been shaved close by his fair exhibitor.

ASTROLOGICAL ANATOMY.

"*Taurus?* that's sides and heart."

"No, Sir, it's legs and thighs."

WHAT YOU WILL.

SIR,

THAT the notice of a *star-gazer* should be attracted by a *meteor*, especially by one whose periodical appearances are monthly, was naturally to be expected. You cannot, therefore, be surprized to find that your *coruscations* have afforded me a most delightful subject for speculation. I was overjoyed when I found you drew in your train no less illustrious a satellite than CROP THE CONJUROR, as he

is precisely the personage whom I have long wished to consult on the solution of a difficulty that has occasioned me no small anxiety and perturbation. But before I state my case for his kind advice, it may be necessary to give some further account of myself.

You must know then, Sir, that I have long aspired to be "*filius artis*," and for that purpose have perused numerous learned works that treat of "*the admirable and occult science*," to the great distraction of my brain, and the exhaustion of my purse, so that instead of *raising the devil*, I cannot even *raise the wind*. If you can recommend to me an *elementary* treatise on this latter subject, I shall be much obliged to you, and will promise to study it with the greatest attention.

To enable myself to effect the former, I procured *Barret's MAGUS; or Celestial Intelligence, a complete System of Occult Philosophy*, concerning which the High Priest to the *Temple of the Muses* has thus oracularly delivered his decision. "*There was a time when any treatise written on this subject would have exposed even the person, in whose possession it might be found, to the rack or the flames.*" (A dull-headed friend of mine, Mr. Satirist, who knows neither "*the Sapor Pontick, Sapor Stiptick, or what is homogene or heterogene*," illnaturally observed, that the same punishment should now be inflicted on the readers of this elaborate system,) "*the work is extremely curious and entertaining; and SHOULD IT FAIL, [ah! ah!] of enabling men to perform the wonders it PROPOSES TO DO, it will at least GIVE THEM AN IDEA.*"—This, Sir, I assure you, is very true; for it gave me an idea that I had thrown away my seven-and-twenty shillings, and a very unpleasant idea it was. However, I was not disheartened. I turned my studies into another channel, and soon grew as familiar with all

the twelve houses as I am with my own. I made a pretty progress, I assure you ; could calculate naticities as well as Placidus de Titis ; foretell the changes of the weather, with as much accuracy as Francis Moore, physician, and cared no more for a dragon's head, or dragon's tail, than any of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

I readily own that it is to the elaborate *almanacks* of this "divine astrologer" that I owe no small part of my knowledge. I have annually perused them with zeal, *amusement*, and emolument, *as far as I could understand* them ; and it is to enable me *completely* to understand them that I request the assistance of your sagacious correspondent. I am quite up to "the dominion of the moon in man's body, passing under the twelve Zodiacal Constellations," as expressed in the following elegant lines :

"Upon the Twelve Signs.

"The head and face the RAM doth always rule :
 The neck and throat are govern'd by the BULL.
 O'er the arms and shoulders still the TWINS preside :
 Breast, stomach, ribs, the crooked CRAB doth guide.
 The noble LION rules the back and heart,
 The dashful VIRGIN claims the belly part.
 The reins and loins the equal BALANCE weigh ;
 The SCORPION o'er the secret parts doth sway.
 The curious ARCHER doth the thighs affect ;
 So doth the GOAT our bended knees protect.
 The legs unto AQUARIUS' lot do† fall :
 The FISH our active feet their portion * call."

* I always thought, Sir, that "qui procumbit humi, no habet unde cadat."

† O mutis quoque piscibus
 Donature cycni, si libeat, sonum.

Experto crede, Mr. Satirist, this is incontrovertible: and to enable you to judge of the infallibility of this doctrine, I will relate a few circumstances that have happened to myself since I devoted my attention to this noble art. I do not mean to say that they *all* happened in the course of *one* year, for we must, I suppose, make the same allowance in this case, *mutatis mutandis*, as Mr. Moore stipulates for in his prognostications of the change of weather, which “may be expected, *more or less*, the day before, or the day after.”

It was at the latter end of a month of March, that I had some idea of applying for a divorce at Doctor's Commons, as I found the *Ram* was so completely *in the ascendant*, that I was *cornuted*; but recollecting that *Scarmentado* observed, that he found “*que d' être cocu, étoit la plus douce condition de la vie,*” and finding, as I imagined, his assertion sanctioned by many modern examples, I made no stir, but “bore my budding honours thick upon me.” When the sun entered *Cancer*, I was for some time troubled with a *diarrhæa*, occasioned by eating green gooseberries, and like the *predominant* was obliged to go *backwards*. When he “*touched the first scruple*” of *Scorpio*—but no, Mr. Satirist, I am a *married* man, and but that I am forbidden to tell “the *secrets* of my prison-house; I could a *tail* unfold”—suffice it to say that nine months afterwards I *cast the nativity* of my son *Albumazar*.

Now all this you see, Sir, is “as clear as mud,” when exhibited, as above, in the lump. But when this “*dominion*” is divided and subdivided like the *quondam German empire*, frittered away into small parcels, and even daily *cantels*, I am quite at a loss, and as much in amaze, as a dog in a dancing school. And *here*, Sir, is my difficulty. In the annexed profound scheme which forms *part* of *Francis*

C's
Signs.

- 1 hams
- 2 legs
- 3 *and*
- 4 ancles
- 5 feet
- 6 toes
- 7 head
- 8 face
- 9 neck
- 10 throat
- 11 arms
- 12 *and*
- 13 should.
- 14 breast
- 15 stom.
- 16 heart
- 17 *and*
- 18 back
- 19 bowels
- 20 belly
- 21 reins
- 22 loins
- 23 secret
- 24 mem-
- 25 bers
- 26 hips
- 27 thighs
- 28 knees
- 29 hams
- 30 legs
- 31 ancles

Moore's learned page for *March* next, I wish your ingenious correspondent, CROP THE CONJUROR, would unfold to me what influence on my carcase is denoted by the words in *italics*. On the 3d, 12th, 17th, is nothing more meant than a *partnership* account between "the day before, and the day after," or is a *complication* of disorders threatened? I dread his explanation of the 24th and 25th as much as *my uncle Toby* shuddered at *part* of *Ernulphus's* curse, since it seems to threaten *a solution of continuity*. Perhaps he will have the goodness to convey his information privately, which will afford much consolation to me, who am, Mr. Satirist, your obedient servant, though as I have evidently shewn,

NO CONJUROR.

London, Dec. 1809.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

THE new year brings with it many wishes: it is a season of hope, and every one wears by turns the cap of Fortunatus.

The young maid *wishes* for a handsome husband before the year is out.

The old maid *wishes* for a husband, and does not stipulate for beauty.

The young heir *wishes* himself of age, that he may enter on his fortune; Mr. J. B. H. T---t *wishes* so too, that he may pigeon him.

Lord ----- *wishes* his lady were of a colder temperament; her ladyship *wishes* that her lord were younger.

Cuckolds *wish* the present high prices of *crim. con.* may keep up till the next market-day: their frail partners *wish* they may fall, lest they lose their customers.

Mr. W-----, the young barrister, *wishes*, that when he went his last western circuit, he had never ventured near Taunton.

Mr. L-----n *wishes* to prove his wife a w---e: her friends *wish* she had not proved herself so.

Mrs. S----- *wishes* she had never *fenced* with Mr. G-----o.

A noble widow *wishes* to astonish the world, and is said to have *conceived* something that will do so most effectually. The noble lord, most interested, *wishes* to pry into the secret of the affair, but is convinced that it is beyond conception. He wishes that the old saying may in this instance prove true: "The mountain was in labour and brought forth a mouse."

Cobbett *wishes* he had been hanged before we had

thought of his Court-martial : every honest man *wishes* the same thing.

Tom H----- the informer, who has long dealt in *loose fish*, *wishes* that an OLD WIFE would fetch as good a price as a MAID.

Young widows like CALISTA are " full of *wishes*."

Modern poets *wish* their readers had bad memories.

WE WISH OUR READERS---A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MODERN SUBSCRIPTIONS.

O ALBION ; long to thy blest fields was given
That first great attribute of parent heaven,
Celestial Charity---at her command
Glow'd every heart, and opened every hand,
And the sad claims of poverty and grief,
Need only be proclaimed to find relief;
Alas, how changed ! from what polluted source
Now flows of bounty the degenerate course !
In vain the orphan sorrowing, breathes the sigh,
In vain the tear swells in the widow's eye.
In Vice and Infamy's triumphant sound,
The widow's and the orphan's cry is drown'd ;
Let some vile strumpet with unblushing face,
Instruct in early sin the female race,
Each foolish dupe, by some deserting knave
Persuaded, [selfish interest, stupid slave,]
Bestows what impudence with sneers receives,
And luxury dissipates what folly gives.

Does some vile tool of faction, seeking fame
 By every wile of cunning and of shame,
 Suborn a strumpet in a senate's face,
 By hellish lies the noble to disgrace ;
 When awful Justice, opening late her eyes,
 Pervades of infamy the dark disguise,
 Sedition's sons their mingled sums subscribe,
 The conscience of their suffering friend to bribe,
 While he, pure patriot, whose indignant pride,
 Turn'd from the proffer'd silver box aside.
 Will his friends' *golden* stores with joy receive
 Laughs in his sleeve, but pockets what they give.
 Instead of Gotham's freedom, wisely will'd,
 With *guineas* had a spacious chest been fill'd,
 The splendid gift had never been refused,
 But gold that folly gave would vice have used.

O fallen from public favor's slippery brow,
 To the deep gulph of infamy below,
 Tho' in thy praise the shouts of fools resound,
 And city oxen bellow loud around,
 Does not reflection's voice, gentle tho' clear,
 Proclaim thee to thy conscience's shuddering ear
 The lowest actor now in Faction's scene,
 Worst of the bad, and meanest of the mean?

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.

MUCH has been said by *the patriots* against *petticoat interest*, but our readers will perceive by the following let-

ter, that *some of themselves* do not hesitate to solicit such influence on *very important* occasions and to obtain *very distinguished honours*.

Chiswell Street, 27th March, 1809.

"DEAR SIR,

"As soon as Mrs. Clarke's memoirs are printed, *pray* let me have three copies, and if the plates are done, *pray* let the bearer bring me one. I *wish Mrs. Clarke could manage to get Lord Folkestone and Mr. Wardle to honour me with their company any day and hour that suited them at Peckham lodge, through Cambertwell, four miles exactly from Whitehall.*

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

(Signed)

TIM. BROWN."

To Mr. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street."

We shall only observe that this curious epistle was written by the same Mr. Tim. Brown who during the mutiny at the Nore, gave as a toast "at *Peckham lodge through Cambertwell four miles exactly from Whitehall,*" the health of "*Admiral Parker, chief of the mutineers*"---by the same Mr. Tim Brown, who received and *fast holds* Miss Taylor's subscription; by the same Mr. Tim Brown, who endeavoured to *procure* evidence for Colonel Wardle at the late trial. By the same Mr. Tim Brown whose name appears in the list of that begging patriot's subscribers as the donor of *fifty pounds!!!*

* We have written to Mr. Gillet to explain how we got possession of the above letter, and that he may not be suspected of any breach of confidence, we have given him our entire permission to shew our letter to Mr. Tim. Brown or any other person.

NEW CASE OF BIBLIOPHAGY.

" Illa tamen gravior, quæ cum discumbere* cœpit,
 Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ;
 Committit vates, et comparat; inde Maronem,
 Atque aliâ parte in trutina suspendit Homerum!

Juv. Sat. 6. l. 433, &c.

MR. SATIRIST,

"TWAS with heart-felt pity, and with all the twinging sympathies of fellow-feeling, that I perused the melancholy, though not *new* case of your correspondent Benedict Higginbottom, as inserted in your last month's *fasciculus*, for such I think it may be justly called, being as neat a bundle of smarting twigs, *vulgo tickle-tail*, as ever was brandished by any descendant or prototype of Busby.

He, poor man, notwithstanding his querrulous *prognostics* and *diagnostics*, has been able to wind up his memoir, *secundum artem*, with a *method of cure*! but what is a poor patient to do in a case always considered hopeless, if not specifically incurable? Sedatives, you might perhaps recommend; alas, Sir! lenient applications only aggravate the symptoms, and I fear the most experienced practitioner in matrimonial *pathology*, and in female *physiology*, must exclaim with the poet Shenstone;

" Wit can't relieve the pangs that I endure,
 And wisdom shews the ill, *without the cure*."

Vide Shenstone's Pastoral on Absence.

* Some *practical* commentators on this passage have asserted that Juvenal was a *bachelor*; had he been married it would have been *recumbere*!

Yet as our medical gentlemen give all the new symptoms of *hydrophobia*, though confessedly incurable, so as this disorder, at times, is attended with a *hatred of water* both internally and externally applied, I hope I shall be justified in pointing out its effects on the *naturals* and *non-naturals*, and other divisions both of the *animal* and of the *domestic* economy. Some folks imagine that a disease is half conquered when they know its name; but, alas, Sir! this complaint, like the *gentleman* mentioned by the poets with an hundred heads, meets the unhappy patient every day with a *new face*, and would require a daily change in its nomenclature; I shall endeavour, however, in the course of my investigation to find a name; a *compound* one it must be, expressive of some of its most virulent symptomatic phrases. Some unhappy gentlemen have wives who are at times troubled with what may be called “female philology,” or a *fondness for words*; alas, Sir! my rib is not satisfied with *words* in small doses, but with a kind of sickly maidenish appetite, devours quantities of insipid and jejune trash, and not being blessed with a good digestion, has often a violent revulsion in the diaphragm, and, (saving your presence, Mr. Satirist) scatters about the crude unconcocted mass to the utter annoyance of myself, and indeed of all her acquaintance; often, indeed, have I exclaimed, but in a whisper, Mr. Satirist, for she reads Latin so well as to understand it with an English translation;---often have I exclaimed with the poet,

“odi

Hanc ego, quæ repetit, volvitque Palsemonis artem,
 Servatâ semper lege et ratione loquendi,
 Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
 Nec curanda viris opicæ castigat amicæ
 Verba.

From a letter which I read some time ago, written by a *maker of books* to a *collector of them*, I find there is a new disorder called *Bibliomania*; but were you, Sir, sometimes to see my dear Mrs. DOOLITTLE, with her often-thumbed editions of *minor poets*, *monkish rhymes*, and *Caledonian bards* laying on the breakfast or dinner-table, you would suppose *her* disorder to be a species of *bibliophagy*, in short, that she was become a book-eater; indeed, she may be said at times almost literally to devour them. Thank God! she is not yet so far gone as to become a *maker of books*, yet is she sometimes to my great discomfort a *maker of words*, which she distributes to me and her friends. These are in general of a peculiar hardness, and so knowingly compounded that the most able chemist would be unable to analyze them; those which she makes in the day her friends often complain are indigestible, but in her nocturnal manufactory, what they want in elegance of preparation, is made up by a predominance of the *acid*, and the rapidity with which they are administered.

Oh! that I had listened, Mr. Satirist, to the poet's advice---

“ Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curtum* sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes; ”

but my dear bedfellow has as morbid an appetite for *traditionary*, as for written or rather *printed* lore, she therefore not only knows *all the histories* of her friends, but even sometimes a little of mine, and often tells me more than I know myself. Such, Sir, are some of the effects produced by this complaint; I shall now describe its progress.

* Ought not this to be “ *curtaine sermons* ? ” Vide Sneak's Commentaries on the “ *Attick Nights* .”

Prognostic.---Though a disorder of the *chronic* kind, yet there are times when the symptoms are more virulent; this is generally expressed by restlessness and impatience for the last two or three days of the month, which increase until the evening of the last day, when the maid is sent, not to the doctor's, but to the bookseller's shop. I have always found that a dose of the *new reviews* only increases the first symptoms, large quantities of the crude diet already mentioned are then sent for, and the disorder becomes permanent.

Diagnostics ---are various: patient chuses a retired corner---neglect of person---aversion to water, though not to all liquids---chiropophobia, or a dislike to hands and feet, the first being generally dirty, the others slip-shod---an itching at the nose, relieved by opening and shutting a box---patient catches at whatever is in her way, particularly if a bottle or glass: in the paroxysm, it is sometimes necessary to put the patient to bed, when there, I often observed with sorrow, a *catching at the clothes*, particularly if the night is cold---if the paroxysm ends in sleep it is frequently attended with snoring, &c. &c.

Cure.---Incurable.

Such, Sir, are the phases of a disorder unnoticed by Buchan, Willich, Dr. Moffatt, or even the *learned Solomon*; I had hopes, indeed, that some of his "*balm of Gilead*" might have effected a cure; but Lord! Sir, there is too much *brandy* in that, and *my* patient is used to it; in short, Sir, I fear none but yourself can give any relief to

Your's,

DANIEL DOOLITTLE.

Goose-lane, Dec. 17.

HINTS TO COLONEL WARDLE.

THE following letter, as our readers will easily perceive, was written before we were apprized that Colonel Wardle had requested his patriotic friends, to open a subscription for his benefit.---It is really astonishing that his ideas and our own should have so exactly coincided.

Exchequer Coffee-house, 12 o'clock, Monday
night, December 11th, 1809.

DEAR COLONEL,

THE verdict which we heard given *five and thirty minutes* ago, must have been extremely unpleasant to a man of your "proud and honourable" soul, and will, we fear, prove greatly injurious to your fame and *fortune*---unless some extraordinary measures be immediately adopted to preserve the one and re-establish the other. We, (who have always most anxiously watched over you in your daring and dangerous career), therefore respectfully suggest that the following line of conduct will be most likely to produce the desired effect.---In the first place we think it very advisable that you should dispatch one of your counsel's briefs to *William Cobbett*, ESQUIRE, and request his immediate cooperation.---Then, with his assistance and that of *Mr. Henry Clifford*, you may publish a letter to Lord Ellenborough, in which you may darkly hint that his lordship's charge was partial, (which those patriots who *did not* HEAR the trial may possibly believe), and that the verdict of the jury (who, by the bye, *your friends* should insinuate were *packed*) was *wrong*.

There may be great difficulty in persuading the *public* that one of the most upright judges that ever sat in the court of King's Bench, has been guilty of any dereliction of duty, but you know there are *some* who will believe any thing. Besides, as you have already attacked your king, the royal family, and the ministers, who should you assail next *but the judges of the land?*

It is true, the trial by jury has hitherto been considered the palladium of the English constitution. And even modern patriots have been loud in its praise---but this was only when juries *acquitted traitors*, or *found verdicts in favor of patriotic disturbers of the public peace!!!*

Having published your letter to Lord Ellenborough: get the editor of *your* paper, the Statesman, to give notice that there will be a meeting of your friends, held at the *Crown and Anchor Tavern*, to express their *high* sense of your "manly, independent, and undaunted conduct," and to consider the propriety of entering into a *subscription* to indemnify you from all *losses* (fame and character of course included) *charges* and expences, &c."---Then let Cobbett boldly and roundly assert that your *integrity* stands higher than ever---You know he does not stick at trifles---after this, persuade Mr. Waithman, Sir Richard Phillips, or your shoe-black, to write circular anonymous letters to all your *quondam* friends, entreating their attendance at the projected meeting. Next procure some young barrister, who is anxious to hear himself talk, to be elected chairman when your friends assemble, who will pass for an independant and impartial man much better than Mr. Waithman, Sir Richard, Tim Brown, or any other of your *evidence-hunters*: having arranged these preliminary matters, call upon *your next door neighbour*, *Mr. Walker, No. 16, James Street, Buckingham-gate*, and

(if you think you can trust him with so large a sum), give him one hundred pounds, out of the three thousand which Mr. H. of Golden square rose for you on Friday last, and request him to attend the meeting, and subscribe the *afore-said* hundred pounds, in his own name. Nobody will suspect that the money is *your's*, and thus other people will be induced to imitate (as far as they can) Mr. Walker's *apparent* liberality. Sir Richard Phillips, after this, cannot think of subscribing less than *twenty pounds*, even if he is thereby obliged to "*fobb off*" some poor half-starved devil of an author with a *bill at NINE months*, instead of paying him his due in ready cash.---Should all these endeavours to preserve the remnant of your fame and fortune fail, we fear nothing will alleviate your afflictions but changing the air of this world for the *warmer* climate of the *realms below*. We are, dear Colonel,

Your's, *unalterably*,

SATIRIST & Co.

P.S. Be sure to get all the money you can before you are yourself put upon your trial.

COLONEL WARDLE.

"The verdict of the jury this day (Dec. 11th,) will either bind his laurels firmer on his brow, or consign him to ruin and disgrace."

Mr. Alley's Speech.

THE complicated villanies of which a part, and, AS YET, *only a very small part*, has been exposed in the court

of King's Bench, must alike perplex the casuist, and astonish the politician. Conscience had hitherto been considered as imposing some restraint on human depravity, and the dread of infamy as affixing some bounds to the crimes of ambition; but recent occurrences have incontrovertibly demonstrated the lamentable fallacy of these opinions. On the 11th of December, Mrs. Clarke, and the two Messrs. Wrights, were arraigned on what the learned Judge who presided most properly termed "*a complicated indictment for perjury*," with the view of preventing them from giving evidence on behalf of each other. It is to be observed, that this oppressive mode of prosecution, this deadly blow at the liberties of British subjects, this infamous abuse of the British laws, was advised and resorted to by *patriot* Wardle, and his "political friends!!!"

Notwithstanding the colonel's counsel, availing themselves of the *licentia fori*, liberally took the blame of this disgraceful proceeding upon themselves, we solemnly assure our readers, that what we have stated is correctly true. What renders this interesting cause the most important that has been tried for a long series of years is this: Mrs. Clarke, Daniel and Francis Wright were not the only persons on whose guilt or innocence the jury had to decide. The *patriotic prosecutor* was himself VIRTUALLY AND MORALLY arraigned for the same atrocious crime as the defendants, and the verdict was, in fact, to determine whether the two Wrights and Mrs. Clarke, or COLONEL WARDLE and his two principal accomplices were PERJURED!!! No legal objection whatever was taken to the indictment, the evidence for the prosecution and the defence were in direct opposition to each other, and it was left for the jury to say whether the defendants, supported

as their testimony was by *probabilities*, *written documents*, and an honourable and disinterested witness, were not more entitled to credit than men, who, in their cross-examinations, confessed themselves to have been guilty of transactions alike repugnant to honor and to honesty. We were in court during the whole of the trial, which lasted more than *fourteen hours*, and we deeply lament that the public have had no authentic account of what transpired; the newspaper reports could have given them little idea of the real state of the case, and even *Tipper's edition of the trial*, (by far the most comprehensive hitherto published) is very defective and imperfect. It cannot indeed be said that Colonel Wardle has, in the *legal* sense of the word, been convicted of perjury, because the necessary forms of law have not YET been gone-through, but we will venture to say that even his own attorney, could he see the documents which *we have seen*, would not be hardy enough to insure him from conviction. It is to be observed that the defendant's counsel on the late trial, (prudently, no doubt,) produced no more evidence than was necessary to acquit their clients: much, very much remains to be revealed: and when the WHOLE is exposed, even the knaves and dupes who have contributed their *pounds* and their *shillings*, to uphold, support, and reward a *confessed suborner*, whom TWO JURIES have *virtually* decided to be a * * * * * will be obliged, from considerations of *self interest*, to abandon him for ever.

It is not our intention either to comment on the evidence which has already been given, or to expose that which has been *reserved*, but we must beg leave to say a few words concerning MAJOR DODD. It will be recollected that *twelve months ago*, we seriously advised his il-

lastrious master either to dismiss him from his service, or to insist upon his no longer associating with such wretches as Hague, M'Callum and other conspirators against the peace and honor of the Duke of York. Had our humble but honest advice been attended to, how many base though false aspersions, how much mental anguish would that exalted personage have escaped! We always considered *Dodd* as a man *rotten even to his heart's core*; now let us see how far Mr. Alley (Wardle's leading counsel) was justified in describing him as "a *high, proud, and HONOURABLE* man."

Mr. Garrow asked Major Dodd the following question; "Did you take no interest in the inquiry that was going on in the House of Commons?" To which he replied, *upon his oath*, "NO MORE THAN ANY OTHER INDIFFERENT PERSON!!!" Notwithstanding this he, five minutes afterwards, confessed that *two notes, INSTRUCTING Colonel Wardle how to examine certain witnesses, were in his hand-writing*. The following letter, which was not read in court, he also admitted to have been written by him.*

Sloane-street, Nov. 21, 1803.

"MY DEAR WARDLE,

"The more I reflect on the conversation we had this morning, which had for its object the pure honour and interest of our country, the more I feel convinced that every individual, who is assisting in the great cause, is

* We should not have considered ourselves at liberty to publish this document had not a garbled copy of it appeared in a weekly paper. We can, however, assure our readers that it is authentic.

entitled not only to *our private*, but to public protection. These, I am fully aware, are your sentiments as well as mine : they must indeed be those of every honest well-thinking man, and if *this assurance* from me can be of *any service*, you have *complete authority to use it as you please*. From what you mention of a *certain female*, I have no hesitation in believing that her *co-operation* will be more material than that of any other human being. God knows she has been infamously and most barbarously used by an *illustrious great beast*, but she may now have an *opportunity of redressing her own wrongs*, and by serving a generous public **MOST ESSENTIALLY TO BENEFIT HERSELF.**

I remain, my dear Wardle, ever your's,
most faithfully,

"THOMAS DODD."*

Does this look like taking "no more interest in the enquiry than any other *indifferent* person?" Is this the language of a "proud, high, and honourable man?" Let it be remembered that when Dodd wrote this letter he was the confidential secretary of the Duke of Kent, who, he swore, (and doubtless most truly,) deeply lamented the infamous attack on his illustrious brother's fame, which this wicked, double-faced servant was thus industriously aiding and abetting.

* It is necessary to observe, that this letter was written at Wardle's request, for the purpose of shewing it to Mrs. Clarke, that she might be induced to believe his promises of reward would be guaranteed by *others*. Our readers will require no further proofs of the existence of a conspiracy against the late Commander in Chief, whose resignation the army so sorely and so justly deplore.

We shall say nothing on the subject of Wardle's indecent letter to Lord Ellenborough, it being only calculated to amuse the wooden-headed orators of Guildhall and the British Forum. Indeed, it is almost as absurd, though not quite so impudent, as Cobbett's miserable defence of the fallen patriot. The *Register-man* unblushingly declares that Mr. Wardle's *integrity* remains unimpeached!! He also with equal truth says, "There is nobody, there is not a soul in the country who thinks that Mr. Wardle has done any thing dishonorable: it is the *laugh*: that is what he has to withstand." *Pol. Reg. Dec. 23, p. 975.*

We confess that we can see nothing honourable or *laughable* either in a man's *confessing himself a suborner*, although he previously sat in the House of Commons, and allowed his *suborned* witness falsely to declare in his presence she had received no price for her evidence, (*vide Minutes of Proceedings, &c. p. 12,*) or in twelve honest men having declared him to be unworthy of *credit upon his oath.*" Mr. Cobbett, who himself pledged his soul to prove that which he knew to be false, may probably think these circumstances extremely *funny*, and not at all dishonorable; but he must excuse us for assuring him that "there is not a soul in the country," (orators *Waithman* and *Gale Jones* perhaps excepted,) who thinks as he does.

A few words more to Mr. Advocate Cobbett, and we have done. He says, "in the whole of his proceedings since the first trial, Mr. Wardle has been *indiscreet*, and especially in writing without *taking a moment's* time to reflect, the letter which appeared in the *Statesman* of the *evening of the trial.*" *Pol. Reg. p. 975, Dec. 23d.* Now it so happens that this latter charge of *indiscretion* is cruelly unjust, for Mr. Wardle did take *many hours* time to reflect; aye, and even sent a copy of this unfortunate letter to

Mr. Advocate Cobbett's own publisher and secretary, poor decayed Wright, to be corrected for the press.* This Mr. Advocate Cobbett *knew*, but as he supposed none of "the enemy" did, he shrewdly concluded that a *lie* would suit his purpose and serve his friend much better. The curious epistle alluded to, was not published till the evening AFTER THE TRIAL.

It is rather hard upon poor Wardle that he should now be blamed "for going to law at all, after the first trial," when it does not appear that any of his "political friends" attempted to restrain him from thus committing himself during all the long vacation, although he sent Mr. Advocate Cobbett a long and lamentable letter, imploring his advice, the Wednesday after the *first* trial, *together with one of the counsel's briefs and divers papers* to enable him to compile a *flaming defence* in the Political Register of the following Saturday!!! Verily these *advocates* have treated the poor patriot most scurvily!!!

There is one other circumstance to which we must allude rather more seriously, Cobbett wickedly endeavours to insinuate that *ten thousand pounds and other advantages* were given to Mrs. Clarke *out of the public money*, for the suppression of her infamous book.

That Mrs. Clarke did receive a considerable sum, [but not near 10,000*l.*] from certain noble and honourable persons is most true, but it was given out of *their own pockets*, and their only motive was to prevent the publication of "private and domestic anecdotes," which unguarded affection and misplaced confidence had imprudently intrusted to an artful woman. That this is the fact Cob-

* Late bookseller in York-street, St. James's; a man well known to many a hungry creditor.

bett knows, for his favourite pupil and confidante, LORD FOLKSTONE, was the person who secretly negotiated the transaction for Mrs. Clarke, who wrote all her letters* on the subject, and in fact finally arranged the terms!! His lordship well knows what were the contents of the suppressed book, and as a man of honour he must confess, that they were such as none but a villain would wish to be made public—he also knows that those, who, to their immortal honour, procured its suppression, were totally unconnected with the present administration, and that not one sixpence of the money paid to Mrs. Clarke, was taken from the public purse.”†

Dec. 26.

* The originals in his lordship's hand-writing, are now in Mrs. Clarke's possession.

† We have great satisfaction in declaring that although we have reprobated, and do still reprobate Lord Folkstone's political principles, there is not, among all the damning evidence of conspiracy against the Duke of York which we have perused, any thing which tends to implicate his lordship in the crime of subornation.

ANECDOTES, &c.

MRS. STOKES, a lady now resident in England, was at school with the repudiated Empress Josephine : during the short interval of peace in 1801, she visited France, and Madame Bonaparte having expressed a wish to have a private interview with her early friend, Mrs. S. was introduced. After the usual congratulations, they began to discourse with freedom on the occurrences of their youthful days, and Madame B. anxiously enquired of Mrs. Stokes if she recollected hearing her future destiny predicted by a fortune-teller while she was at school ? Mrs. S. replied in the affirmative. " And pray, my dear Madam, what, as nearly as you can remember, were his words ? " --- " He said you would sit upon a throne ! " --- " Was *that all* ? " eagerly asked Madame B. --- Mrs. Stokes, who knew the sequel of the prophecy to be unfavourable, hesitated, and said she did not recollect any thing else. " Alas ! *I do*," exclaimed Madame B. " he said that I should sit upon a throne, but that I should die in a work-house ; and since the first part of his prediction has been nearly accomplished, I have most anxiously dreaded the fulfilment of the rest. " --- This anecdote is well known in the fashionable world, and we can vouch for its authenticity. Those who contemplate her recent degradation, must allow there is every probability that the unfortunate Josephine's apprehensions will finally be fulfilled.

THE EMBRYO MARQUIS.

" FOR a small cause like this is his lordship to wait ?
 An embryo marquis to claim the estate !
 Now by the *Lord Harry* ! 'tis devilish pretty ! " ---
 You may think the cause small, but it may not be *petty*.

UTER HORUM.

"UTER horum will succeed,
Can you tell,?" not I, indeed,
You cannot solve the point, nor I,
Est enim questio UTERI.

ALARMING DISORDERS.

COLONEL W. having caught cold in Westminster Hall, has since been grievously troubled with the ear-ache.

Mrs. P---n is recovering fast from a severe attack of---the *Satirist*---a relapse is, however, to be dreaded.

The Countess Dowager of ----- is most seriously afflicted with---the absence of *Mr. Elliston*.

Lord Folkstone is not expected to recover from the fatal effects---of his intimacy with Cobbett.

Lord Castlereagh's present *indisposition* is said to have been occasioned by the ignorance of his MAN COOK!!

The Hon. Mrs. M--- is much troubled with---her husband's company.

Lady H--- labours under considerable apprehension that her intrigues will be discovered.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

The Pulpit ; or a biographical and literary Account of eminent popular Preachers ; interspersed with occasional clerical Criticism. By Onesimus. 8vo. pp. 367. 9s. Matthews and Leigh, London.

SIR THOMAS BROWN, in his curious enquiry into VULGAR ERRORS, hath expressed his doubts at considerable length, respecting the truth of the received opinion, "that an unsavoury odour is gentilitious or national unto the Jews;" we should have been glad to have availed ourselves of his acute and philosophical investigation, had he chanced to live in our times, and had enquired, as no doubt in the same spirit he would have done, into the nature or reality of the *Music and odours of saints*. We know, indeed, that a most luminous work on this subject, and under this title has been published by one of the lights of the elect; but we suspect that it is rather in a different spirit to any thing which the philosophical knight would have written on the same occasion. We have no objection, however, to take it on the authority of this work that saints have some peculiar and appropriate music and odour, by which they may be distinguished at once, under any disguise, from the unsanctified part of mankind. It would, indeed, be rather hazardous to deny this, after a perusal

of the work of ONESIMUS; whose modesty has vainly sought to conceal his saintly qualities; his "santiloquent" twang and conventicle odour being perceptible to the dull-est sense.

We have heard of a bookseller's journeyman, who would talk like a *courtier*, of going to places *incog.* and would fancy that every body was under the greatest anxiety to discover his name and quality. We less wonder, therefore, when we find ONESIMUS talking of the reiterated 'enquiries as to *who* and *what* he is.' INTROD. p. v. We protest for ourselves, that we have not the least curiosity to know more of Onesimus than he chuses to tell us, and than we know already; and we further protest that so little have we heard of the inquiries of which he speaks, that we should have been totally unconscious even of the existence of his work, if it had not of late stared us in the face from the window of every evangelical bookseller, while placards stuck up at every corner, announcing its wondrous merits, threw into obscurity Bow-street advertisements for the detection of forgeries, and quack proclamations of infallible medicines for the cure of incurable diseases.

Objects seen through a mist appear greater than they are: an ass browsing thistles on a common on a foggy morning may, at a little distance, be mistaken for some noble or terrific animal. The ass would owe all his importance and all the attention his appearance excites to the fog: but as he does not create the fog he is no party to the deception, and has no interest in its continuance or dispersion. The saintly author of the work before us, knew well the value of such a mist, and has, therefore, endeavoured to supply by vapour what he wants in substance.

With this view he assumed a fictitious name; and sunk his own in that of ONESIMUS. He fancies himself the object of universal curiosity, and under this impression believes himself to be of sufficient importance to command attention: he wishes to be asked who and what he is, and can scarce refrain, though unasked, from making the wonderful discovery. *Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus.* We are absolutely unable to conceive any thing more contemptibly ludicrous than the vapouring self-sufficiency of ONESIMUS. After comparing himself to the venerable martyr Latimer, he proceeds to say,

“ It has been my great comfort to have been trained in the way in which it was best for me to go. I have indeed swerved from that way; but never without serious grief. *Vanity is garrulous.* Ceasing then from myself, &c.”
(INTROD. p. vi.)

Now this ceasing from himself, as he calls it, is to talk of nothing but himself for five or six pages together, and to be making constant allusions to himself through his whole work. There seems to have been little occasion, therefore, for gravely laying it down as a newly discovered axiom of moral philosophy, that ‘ vanity is garrulous :’ since any one, who has taken the trouble to read half a dozen pages of the work of ONESIMUS must be fat-witted indeed if he did not make the same reflection. We are astonished at our own intrepid perseverance, when we look back on the one hundred and eighty-eight leaves of sanctified cant, which we have turned patiently over, sickened even to nausea, as we have been by the garrulous vanity, the triple inspiration of methodism, gin and porter, which fills them.

"Constantly mixing," says this pothouse apostle, "*almost from the cradle,*" (*a sucking babe of grace, 'mark that,'*) "with those who, agreeably to the injunction of an apostle, do 'not forsake the assembling of themselves together;' it would be difficult for me now to recollect the origin of that feeling which has stimulated me to undertake the present publication. It has made part of my life; and it will last me through life. I trust, therefore, that the contents of the present volume will unequivocally *demonstrate the mind* in which I sat down to my task, and the integrity with which I have so far accomplished it. My wish was to do some good: and *the means are such, let me think,* as may lead to that end." INTRODUCTION. p. vii.

This modesty is sufficient evidence of the nature of the feeling that stimulated him 'to undertake the publication,' and does most certainly 'demonstrate unequivocally the mind in which he sat down to his task.' The reader therefore has no right to wonder when he finds such preachers as are really men of worth and talent escaping the splashes of this writer's praise; they are elevated beyond his grovelling reach: the ordure of his adulation bedaubes only those who have a methodist taint. With such he is affectionately familiar, and calls them by their Christian names: it is Isaac and Hugh and Robert.

He thinks it necessary, however, to affect a little coyness and diffidence. "Self-love does not flatter me," says this saint *from the cradle*, "into the belief that this series of clerical criticism is *without it defects.*" No to be sure, says the good-natured reader; perfection is not to be expected in any human work. Ay but, says ONE-SIMUS, his vanity instantly taking the alarm, mine is no

human work; it is all divine inspiration. I am but the mouth piece of the Lord.

"It was through the wilderness of literature," says the cradle saint, "that my road lay; and if I am now come out of it, and can look round, I owe this to *the cloud by day and fire by night*, which still guide those who wish to walk right. (A very pretty evangelical rhyme.) '*I was led by the way that I knew not.*'" INTROD. p. viii.

Now the man who can say this, and yet make the least doubt of the *perfection* of his work, must either be a most profane liar: or a most profane unbeliever in the omnipotence of the Deity. ONESIMUS may take his choice of the two characters.

In the space of about 270 pages, Saint ONESIMUS has undertaken to give a *biographical and literary account* of twenty-nine popular preachers; beginning with the late Bishop Porteus, and ending with Hugh Worthington, who may be all that ONESIMUS has described, but of whom we never heard before. He has a very simple and easy receipt for making up these biographical and literary accounts: he tells you whether his subject is handsome or ugly; whether he has a loud and shrill voice, or a soft and melodious one; whether he dresses well or ill; whether he enters his pulpit pompously, or with a hop, skip, and jump; whether he can sing with the congregation; whether he uses his right or his left hand most in action: whether he reads his sermon, (a great crime in the eyes of the cradle saint) or whether he uses a long slip or a small slip of notes, or none at all, the perfection of all preaching; whether 'he *bundles out* of his pulpit,' or keeps snug till every one is departed: this, with the titles of the preacher's sermons, if he has chanced to write any, and a few ad-

monitions from Saint ONESIMUS, completes the *biographical and literary account*.

That ONESIMUS is a METHODIST, aye and a rank METHODIST, is sufficiently evident from his arrogance, self-sufficiency, egotism, cant, and ignorance: but as we would not hang a dog without just cause, so would we not brand any one, however mean, with the infamous and detestable name of methodist, unless we could produce unequivocal proof of the justice of the charge. Besides the specimens we have already adduced, let the following extracts serve as a sample of his fanatical cant.

“ When will the ministers of religion confide more in the assurance of their Divine Master to his primitive disciples, extending as it does, through them to all ages of the church? ” (*which, however, remains to be proved*). ‘ Take no thought, how or what ye shall say; for it shall be given you in that same hour, when ye shall speak.’ Acquainted as he is with this consolatory assurance, and while *acknowledging its force*,” (*how is that shewn?*) “ still does Dr. Andrews,” (*It is Dr. Gerard ANDREWS of St. James’s of whom the saintly critic is speaking*) “ seem fearful of trusting himself, even but for some few moments, out of the leading-strings of his manuscript.” p. 28.

Now, without stopping seriously to answer this idle objection, we may ask if it is not through this belief that the same miracle will be worked in their favour as formerly in that of the apostles, that inspired tailors and illuminated cobblers dare to debase, by their idiot ravings, the sublime truths of the gospel? But to proceed with our extracts:

“ Intellectually illuminated as he is, elevated as he ought

to feel above particular *prejudices*, I was *astonished* to hear Mr. Hewlett preaching *against visionary fanatics*. I fear indeed that it is to some feeling of this nature we must trace his general reluctance to elucidate the mystery of godliness." p. 64.

"Let me entreat the Rev. Isaac Jackman to know of whom he is. Never let him suffer the dread of being branded with *fanaticism*, to drive him from the *preaching of spirituality*." p. 78.

"I sometimes preach," said one *good* man, "half an hour before God comes; and when he is come, I can do no less than preach half an hour, or three quarters of an hour afterwards. Mr. Hall might sometimes say the same." p. 176.

Who will say that ONESIMUS is not a fanatic? Of his arrogant self-sufficiency, and of the consequence which he imagines the public attaches to his opinions, it is almost difficult to select specimens, since every page of his work is so crowded with them, that our choice is distracted. We dip them at random.

"Happy am I to observe Dr. Andrews's improvement in his manner of delivering our Lord's prayer. He seems to have *reflected on what I formerly wrote* on this head, and I shall not, owing to this *reform*, remind him of it now !!!" p. 28.

The saints save thy poor wits! poor thing! So this is not *reminding*! The saint must have swilled an extra pot of porter, when he scribbled this precious stuff. Again, but something more modest:

"I wish that I may prevail upon him (Mr. Isaac Saunders) not to *bundle* out of the pulpit almost as soon as the congregation begins to separate. If I have freely pointed out the defects of his preaching, it is upon the belief that he will not prove inaccessible

ble to admonition ; and because from his youth he may profit by my remarks. I have no aim but his good." p. 102.

" Can I help it, if Mr. Woodd by his *misbehaviour* compels me to pursue this strain of criticism ?" p. 134.

" Notwithstanding the observations here made on Mr. Woodd, I am far from imagining that he will be at all affected by them in the opinion of those who constantly attend his chapel. I do not even wish as far as this preacher is individually concerned, to lessen him in the minds of those, who have uniformly sat under his ministry." p. 136.

How modest and how charitable! How mercifully does this giant use his strength!

Is it possible to doubt that ONESIMUS is a methodist? Hear him a little further: the following extracts will shew that he can be at least sincere, and we are ready to allow him all the merit that his candour deserves. He asserts that very inadequate conceptions are formed of evangelical ascendancy. His zeal for the honour of methodism inspires him with a more than ordinary degree of eloquence.

" *Evangelism*" (so he calls methodism) "*Evangelism*," says he, "*it will be seen*, is no ordinary profession ; since to be an evangelical, or a methodist preacher is not what once it was. Rises there up some hopeful champion of the good cause? distinguished as the popular minister of the time, the *glory of the old*, and the *wonder of the young*, he is followed, go where he list, day after day, and *night after night*, by crowds of persons of both sexes ; admired by mankind and beloved by woman-kind, while astonishment gapes at him, *affection douts upon him*. He is in the broad way to public preferment, and in the *SIDE PATH FOR PRIVATE GRATIFICATION!!!*" p. 153.

O happy state of *Evangelism*! To be admired by man

by day, and be beloved and doated on by woman by night! This is indeed the way to make converts: who would not be a methodist preacher? Who would not wish to be led at once into the broad way to public preferment, and the *side-path for private gratification*? Who now will doubt our account of the *love-feasts* of the *saints*? "It will hardly be denied," continues ONESIMUS, "that methodist preachers are far from being *impotent*!" (P. 154). It would certainly be very silly to deny what there are so many living witnesses to prove. But let us proceed. It will be seen that ONESIMUS is discreet, and warns the *side-path* traveller not to be ostentatious of his success. Of a young saint of the name of William Bengo Collyer, on whom it seems the University of Edinburgh in its great wisdom has conferred the degree of D. D., he speaks thus:

"Inoffensively pleasing in his person, gracefully winning in his manner, plaintively feeling in his tones, (p. 158) Dr. Collyer seems still the *idol of the ladies*. Surely it is not true, however, that any grave and learned clerk could stoop, as he stood," (a strange attitude; we do not perfectly comprehend it) "to pick up the handkerchief purposely dropped into his pulpit by some languishing fair one; and who had first placed herself on the stairs of it, to pluck, as he went by, to pluck the good man's gown and share his smile!" p. 162.

Such are methodist meetings! and thus religion is made the cloak of licentiousness; and the temple professedly dedicated to God, is converted into a harem. Of an evangelical minister at Bath, William Jay, ONESIMUS says, "his pulpit labours seem particularly agreeable to his feminine auditors. He is a *melting* preacher!" p. 229. What must be, and indeed has already been the consequence of all this, is easy to perceive. ONESIMUS himsel

does not hesitate to avow of our old acquaintance the Reverend William HUNT-ington S. S. that " he stands at the head of no small tribe, who owe to him their birth, and their rank, and who place in him their fears and their hopes." p. 197.

But see now how squeamish these saints are; and, while they care so little for realities, how much they regard appearances. In the course of a most conceited and shallow commentary, which Saint ONESIMUS has had the presumption to write on some lectures on the liturgy delivered by Dr. Gerrard Andrews, he observes,

" Dr. Andrews was wholly silent on a point that I hoped would not have eluded his animadversion. What I now refer to, and it has often struck my mind, is the prevalence, especially among the great portion of our commonalty, of Sunday marriages. Doubtless this is one abuse of the Sabbath. I think it a greater sin,' said a *good man*, ' to marry on the Lord's-day, than to yoke a plough; inasmuch as the work and concern is greater. The sinful continuance of this, I judge to be a provoking profanation of the Sabbath: and I seldom see those marriages blest, which were celebrated on that day: marrying on the Saturday, as the middling orders are wont, is, for some reasons that must be obvious to all, much the same as marrying on the succeeding day." p. 311.

Can any thing be grosser than this stuff of the saint and his *good man*, as in his conventicle jargon he calls him? " marriage," he adds, " dissolves all previous contracts; *two in one, and one in two!* " p. 312. It should seem, however, that he has little respect for what is professed to be the great end of marriage. These saints would have every thing in common, and are unwilling to take on themselves, individually, the consequences of their Love-Feasts.

“What is always physically right,” says he, “may sometimes be politically wrong; and it was scarcely possible to hear Dr. Andrews expatiating on the blessings of *fathering a numerous progeny*, as matters now stand, without feeling some trivial objections to the persuasion which he so happily laboured to disseminate. Patriarchal precedents were the last that should have been cited in confirmation of the generative benediction. When Lot was able to choose Sodom, and Abraham to settle in Canaan, either for himself, each might feel the advantage of replenishing the earth; but we who live where human affairs are not exactly in the same state, must *calculate* before we *procreate*; and are not entitled to expect, that the *goodness of Providence* will relieve the *folly of our improvidence*.” p. 303.

This cool system of *calculating* is indeed out-shandying Mrs. Shandy. ONESIMUS has a most nervous sensibility of imagination, which is most readily stimulated. He talks of “those *profane wenches* who play the triangle through the streets,” p. 188, and seems to have had some strange feelings excited in him when Mr. Wilcox (in a charity sermon) appealing to the feelings of the females around him, on behalf of the frail fair ones (of the London Female Penitentiary) whose relief he was pleading, described one of his female penitents to them as a *back-sliding sister!*” p. 127.

The principles of ONESIMUS, if indeed they deserve the name of principles, we trust are by this time as apparent, as his admiration of Dr. Hawker (or as he calls him Robert Hawker) and men of his stamp, is unequivocal. This evangelical bird of passage, “who,” according to Onesimus, “is become an annual visitant preacher about autumn to the churches of our metropolis,” (p. 53.) is described by him as a “*distinguished Ambassador of*

Christianity," (p. 55.) whose "power none can deny; whose gifts are great; and by whom the heart is always led captive at his will." p. 56.

Now what are the qualifications of this ONESIMUS, this cradle saint, for the work which he had undertaken? The reader who can discover the meaning of the following passages, which are only a small sample of the profundity of wisdom contained in his book, will best be able to determine that.

"He plumps on his text, and comes too soon to the theme of it." p. 27.

"Preachers have been so long accustomed to join in *congregational services* that any objection to the practice will doubtless appear singular." p. 41.

"Mr. Dodd though successful is not *inaccessible*; and I shall, therefore, advert briefly to his deficiencies." p. 43. "Preaching forms his vitality." p. 54. "Negligence in certain preachers is commendable." p. 77. Speaking of one man, without reference to any other person or thing whatever, he says, "He has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," p. 197. "He no sooner kneels than he rises up." p. 115. Then occasionally he makes such new discoveries, and propounds them with such oracular brevity and solemnity! Thus: "He who looks to rank high as an *extemporary* preacher, must be great as a *spontaneous* speaker," p. 81. "Fulham is not London." p. 90. "Exhaustion is not energy." p. 107. At other times his remarks evince such acuteness of observation, that they are no less valuable and important than profound. In drawing the character of one of his evangelical heroes, he says; "While I describe him as he is, I shall not forget him as he was; but shall try,

as far as in me lies to give *oneness*" (there's a pretty word) "to the portrait. Once he was lean, but now he is fat; once he had teeth, but now he has lost his teeth; once he brought a bulky bible with him into his pulpit, but now he brings a lesser bible with him into it; and once he could read his text without glasses, but now he reads his text with glasses." p. 209. The precision too, with which Saint ONESIMUS expresses himself is admirable: When there happens to be any meaning in what he says, it is impossible to mistake it. After lavishing a good deal of praise on the late Bishop Porteus and his writings, he speaks of his death; "Having known him in the pulpit," says he, "I could not leave him in the coffin." p. 20. "*His works will follow him!*" p. 21. Few authors, we apprehend, would relish such a compliment. But the style and language of this Saint from the cradle are not the least extraordinary part of his work: some words and phrases are entirely new to us. We submit a choice specimen. To speak in his own way, the manner will be found worthy of the matter, and the matter of the manner.

"When the prelate becomes the pulpit, it is then seen how much the pulpit becomes the prelate." p. 5. "While the pulpit confers dignity on the person of this preacher his person gives additional dignity to the pulpit." p. 49. "It was happy that a Secker met with a Porteus, and it was also happy that a Porteus found a Secker." p. 8. "He owed his preferment to his greatness, and not his greatness to his preferment." p. 20. "Doctrinal as well as practical, but not less practical than doctrinal, his sermons, &c." p. 20. "While he satisfies the peer," (at chapel remember!) "he does not perplex the peasant." p. 76. "Were he to divest himself of the *starchness of the priesthood*,

he is qualified to become *desirably respectable*." p. 82. "It is the effect of nature, and it affects by nature." p. 274. "An unbecoming style of *colloquiality*." p. 54. The sigh of delectation." p. 68. "Tremulousness of supplication." p. 67. "Santiloquence has a language of its own." p. 90. "The reformation of *santiloquence*." p. 114. "Santiloquence the eloquence of the pulpit." p. 184. "Rowland Hill, eccentric as is the general style of his *santiloquence*." p. 298. "Pictorial preaching." p. 107. "Pictorial preacher." p. 108. "Pious tracts, of which utility and beneficiality are the prominent objects." p. 136. "Basil Woodd, constitutionally happy and circumstantially prosperous." p. 137. "Sermonic ramblings." p. 162. "Featural motioning." p. 220; the affectation of *solemnization* in his speech." p. 230; "his mode of voicing." p. 245; "the least excusation of any kind." p. 314.

It will be seen that we have examined this repository of trash with no common degree of patient diligence; and we have been led to do this, not from a desire to expose the absurdities of ONESIMUS, but from a sincere respect and veneration for the established church of these kingdoms. So vain, so empty, so ridiculous, so canting a thing as ONESIMUS we have seldom seen: had he written on any other subject, he had passed unobserved by us. We take no notice of an ass on the highway; but an ass in a china shop, may do mischief; and it is the duty of any one that finds him there, to scourge him out.

Washington, or Liberty restored: a Poem, in ten Books. By Thomas Northmore, Esq. Longman and Co.

WE enter upon our examination of this *magnificent* poem with trembling and apprehension, having been gravely

assured, by the author in his preface, that abuse of it will only be considered as "the malignant effusion of that corruption against which his pen has been uniformly employed;" p. iv. that "the language and versification *are more correct than Milton's*;" p. vii. and that he has endeavoured to inculcate therein "the best lessons of morality and virtue !!"

Book I. opens not with an invocation to any of the Heathen Muses, but with a solemn prayer to THE ALMIGHTY, beseeching him, in most unintelligible jargon, thus :

" Uphold my mortal pinions while I sing
Freedom restored to half the peopled earth,
By freedom's noblest bulwark Washington !!!
Say the first cause of all this good to man,
What rank oppression ! what despotic laws !
What deeplaid plots of wicked ministers,
To strangle in its birth the immortal seed !
Or, if the infernal potentates of hell,
Have been permitted to resume awhile,
Their power on earth to speed thy great design,
Say, for alone thou canst, *which first which last*,
In war or council lent his devilish aid !"

Mr. Sheridan has assured us, that "the God of Justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good;" but Mr. Northmore appears to be of a different opinion, for he here evidently takes it for granted that "*all this good to man*" was effected by oppression, despotic laws, wicked ministers, or *wicked devils*: and only appears anxious to know which of these evil agents was principally employed, and the name and rank of the *two devils* who commenced and concluded the business. His prayer ap-

pears to have been instantaneously granted, for in the very next line he is enabled to introduce us to the original projector of the scheme, viz. SATAN himself, who (having of course provided himself with one of Dr. Herschell's best telescopes, which our readers will recollect were not invented in Adam's time, "when hell was outer darkness.")*

"Long time *had view'd* with envious eye,
From *where in Pandæ monium throned he sat*,
Columbia's mighty chief," &c.

This sight makes the devil very eloquent---in his speech, which could not have been delivered with due emphasis and effect in less than three minutes, he appears to think that modern *liberty* would create as much mischief and confusion in Hell as it has since upon Earth. Nay, he roundly asserts, that should it be established he and all his imps must bid "*farewell to Hell*," p. 6---a terrible hardship truly, considering the numerous blessings of that enviable place. Satan is interrupted in the middle of his speech by the descent of a being hitherto undescribed in sacred or prophane history---

"*Seraphic splendour* glided down the skies,
And over York-town halted."

When the arch-fiend has recovered the shock of this terrific sign, he again addresses his brother devils, and accuses Moloch of sleepiness! who pettishly denies the charge, and offers to meet the enemy, single-handed, magnanimously exclaiming,

* Vide Milton's P. L. book I. v. 72.

" I tremble not because *seraphic light*
Hath halted over York town ! if it have
Moloch will meet it there."

Beelzebub, who appears to be a good-natured devil, endeavours to make matters up, and Satan, who knows that his antagonist,

" next to himself
Was considered as the *eye of Hell*;"

and being moreover a little cowed by a "*Stygian*" oath," which Moloch had sworn is glad to be reconciled. War is agreed upon ; Satan " plans the campaign ;" Mammon is dispatched to bribe the British ministers, and his mission proves abundantly successful---the poet then proceeds to panegyryze most fulsomely the American patriots and the French commanders, and to abuse without mercy the loyalists (whom he declares to be "*worse than hell-hounds*,") and the British ministers. It must not be forgotten that the devil and his imps fight on the side of the latter, and *seraphic splendour*, the Arch-angel Michael, and all the host of Heaven for the Americans.---Satan having drawn up his army in battle-array dispatches them to Virginia, promising to follow them shortly,

" Wrapt in other form,
Darkness or cloud, or else some animal
Some vulture, or perchance that *sighted bird*
That looks with eyes undazzled at the sun." p. 34.

It, however, subsequently appears, that he does not think it necessary to change his shape on his first arrival in America. He mounts his glittering car, of which a *sublime* description is given : the body of it, we are told,

was composed of "some new-discovered substance," but whether

"Metallic, or carbonic, or lignose,"

Mr. Northmore, though a profound chymist, cannot determine; however, as it appears in the sequel that the devil left the wonderful *machine* BEHIND HIM, we hope professor Davy will endeavour to procure a fragment thereof from America, and by analization ascertain this important fact.

The ethereal horses of Satan must have been very extraordinary leapers; for Mr. N. assures us, that they

"with one bound

Spring from Hell's confines to Columbia's *Alps*." P. 43.

Book II. opens with a truly original apostrophe to the "TRANSCENDANT MIND!"

—Who filst all space (including of course Mr. N.'s skull)
All time with its incomprehensibles.*"

and after fatiguing us with a vast deal of common-place jargon about William Tell, liberty, and the revolution in Switzerland, concludes with an account of Griezler's death.

In the beginning of the *first* line of Book III. the poet, (we mean Mr. Northmore) abruptly commands his Muse to stop

"And own her gratitude

That she was not, in being at that time

When ignorance' deep whirlpools whelm'd the world!"

These recall to our memory the following lines of a minor poet.

* Query, Breeches.

" Thus every block-head thumps his empty scull
And thanks his god he was not born a fool."

In this book Mr. N. convinces us that we have always mistaken the character of good *Queen Bess*, into whose mouth he puts the following eloquent and highly poetical words.

" That sovereign princes are alone to Heaven
Accountant for their actions is allow'd;
But when *perpetual servitude awaits*
A nation of *free men*, reason ordains
Their country's constitution and it's laws
Absolve them from allegiance."

Who can wonder that such a speech should produce the astonishing effect which Mr. N. thus poetically describes,

" Thus spake Eliza, and the people yet
Inclining forwards bent, *with ears erect*
Listening to silence !!!" p. 69.

The following lines, are, we dare say, equally beautiful, if we could but comprehend them.

" Spain's despot *saw*, but harden'd at the *sight*,
Seeing saw not, for tyranny is *blind*." p. 76.

This and the preceding book have no more to do with Washington or America than with the man in the moon, but they are, nevertheless, extremely funny, and prove Mr. N. one of the most laughable serious writers, that ever wielded pen.—We have, at length, discovered one good line, viz.

" And mourn'd their living hero as the dead." p. 79.

which, however, we recollect having met with before in the works of an inferior bard named Alexander Pope.

The "ALMIGHTY BEING" and "TRANSCENDANT MIND" not having, as we presume, afforded Mr. N. so much assistance as he hoped and required, he in the beginning of Book IV. invokes the Heathen muse, Urania, to "steer his fragil bark," then feeling himself inspired, describes the causes of the American war in the following elegant and highly poetical language.

" 'Twas gold and power,
Twin evils form'd to curse the hopes of man,
These first induced North, presumptuous fool,
Who blindly steer'd the helm of state, which men
Of wisdom and of foresight can alone
Guide safely thro' the intricate of things,
These him induced to try what force avail'd
Against the sons of freedom—freedom's sons !"

The speeches of Lords North and Chatham are irresistibly comical when we consider that the author intended them for poetry, the former says in the British House of Commons,

" The force that is required
To bring back these rebellious colonies
To their obedience is so trivial,
It scarce deserves your notice," p. 111.

Mr. Northmore next gives us the following new definition of *Confidence*.

" *Confidence* is a *parasitick* plant,
It seldom fastens on a virtuous breast ;
But on the unsound trunk it takes deep root :
Thus Heaven for wisest purposes deprived
The British senate of its intellects."

Book V. *Columbia*, or America, having taken her stand on the summit of *Bunker's hill* (which by the bye, is something like a man standing upon his own nose,) makes a very pretty speech to her sons, exhorting them to oppose their lawful king. She is followed by Citizen Franklin,

" At whose right hand sat Wisdom cloth'd in light,
And round whose head a blaze of vivid flame
Play'd harmless." p. 120.

He makes almost as good a speech as Colonel Wardle would have done, and appears to have been much such another s-----. *Columbia*, and the doctor, however, do not precisely agree in their accounts of the latitude and longitude, or geographical situation of "freedom's cause;" the former being quite confident

" That freedom's heaven-clad columns rose
Up to the fountain of eternal light,
While its firm base *immoveable* was fix'd
In EARTH'S *adamantine* centre." p. 117.

and the latter roundly asserting that it

" Rests on the *centre* of ETERNITY." p. 130.

We have always heard that Doctor Franklin was a great philosopher and a profound mathematician, but it was left for Mr. Northmore to inform us that he had ascertained the circumference of *Eternity*, which he must have done before he could find its *centre*.

Washington is chosen their leader, but "freedom's bulwark" is mighty modest and would fain be excused; he tells them in *lofty numbers*, meant by Mr. N. for heroic blank verse, that the state requires

" Continued perseverance, fortitude,
Assiduous attention, to a vast
Variety of things, with patience
Amidst unnumbered sufferings, nor least
That dignity of name and character
Which stamps the owner great, and rises far
Superior to envy," &c. p. 134.

and modestly insinuates that he is deficient in all these requisites; this however will not do, and he is compelled to be the American commander in chief. Mr. N. next proceeds to compliment Jefferson, as indeed he does every enemy of his country, and tells him " he shall be another Washington." We are then favoured with an account of the battle of Bunker's Hill, in which the Americans are celebrated as heroes, while the English are most patriotically represented as the " veriest cowards upon earth," who must inevitably have been conquered had not the devil (who our readers will recollect was left at the end of Book I. perched on the top of "*Columbia's alps*") come to their aid.

" for now his eye
Had reach'd the page where fated Warren's name
Slowly vasescent, o'er the book of life
Cast a dim shadow ! gladden'd at the sight
Instant to Death he cried, My son ! my son !
The hard-fought day is *ours*, see here the name
Of Warren vanishes, lift then thy dart
Poise it with fate, and lodge it in his breast." p. 141.

Death instantly obeys; and the Americans being thus deprived of their leader, the *Devil and the English* triumph !!!

Arrived at the first page of BOOK VI. we started,

actually supposing that Mr. Northmore, who had already invoked the *Supreme Being* to aid his impious work, under two titles, had now solicited the assistance of "*The Holy Ghost*." Nor were we much less shocked when we found that he had profanely addressed "the Goddess of Liberty" *by the name of the third person of the adorable Trinity*.

"The "*Almighty Being*," "*Transcendant Mind*," and poor "*Urania*," having all failed to inspire him either with poetry or sense, Mr. N. now calls upon "*the Holy Spirit*," "*Celestial Freedom*;" and thus implores her to assist him in writing *unintelligible nonsense*---

"Once again descend,
And buoy my feeble pinions, while I soar
Above all mortal ken, and sing of deeds
So far excelling human intellect,
That man could scarce believe the facts man saw." p. 147.

This "*purest estence*," as will appear more fully hereafter, "granted *all* his prayer." And he gives us a most incoherent description of the blessings of the *French Revolution*, from which, and the following sublime comparison relative to ministers and magpies,

"Thus rooks and daws and chattering magpies prate,
Their noisy terroures to the bird of day."* p. 151.

he thus suddenly breaks off,

"But soft, my Muse! where speedest thou thy flight?
My theme is freedom and Columbia's son:
But on the sacred *tripod* where thou sitst

* We have heard the *owl*, (no reflection on Mr. Northmore) denominated "the bird of night."---Query, What is "*the bird of day*?"

*Like a Dodonian priestess, heaven-enwapt
Thou pour'st prophetic truths, and blend'st the past ;
And future time-unheeding consequence !"*

The '*heaven enrapt*' poet now offers up a prayer to *Washington*, whom he dignifies as a *seraph*, and yet seats him in the midst of an inferior order of angels, yclept *cherubim*, which shews that Mr. N. is somewhat ignorant of the *hierarchy* :---We must not omit this sublime supplication.

" Oh thou, blest *seraph* ! from that bright abode
Where *midst the cherubim*, thou sit'st enthroned
And supplicatest mercy o'er the sins
Of us thy fellows once. Oh deign to lend
Thy gracious hearing to my '*raptur'd song* !" p. 152.

If Washington can withstand this, he must be the most ungrateful, hard-hearted *spirit* that ever *intruded* himself into heaven, particularly as Mr. N. immediately afterwards assures him that he

" The poor Indian taught
To love the works of peace."

and was, in short, while on earth, the most perfect of human beings.--When he was panegyrising his hero's love of freedom, and hatred of *slavery*, he probably forgot a clause in that *humane* personage's *will* which runs to this effect. " I give and bequeath all my carriages, horses, neat cattle, sheep, SLAVES, and every other description of LIVE STOCK to my beloved wife Martha Washington."

Mr. N. having finished his prayer, Washington, whom we thought safe "*amidst the cherubim*," is by a sort of poetical *legerdemain* introduced to us again as a mortal,

and makes a long speech to his American chiefs.--Sir H. Clinton addresses Arnold--on the subject of Major Andre's murder, who vows to avenge it,--which the poet seems to think was mighty cruel, as the murderers were *Americans*. Cornwallis is now introduced to our notice, who, it appears

" in the southern clime,
had met no equal."

and that

" ----- even Gates
When proud of victory, he *dusted* back
His lengthen'd march from Saratoga's straits." p. 167.

Reader, do you understand this? If not, *we* can afford you no explanation---perhaps your *house-maid* can.--The 6th book concludes with a catalogue of various battles, or rather of the conflicting commanders of whom

" *Last tho' not least*, the fierce St. Ledger rav'd
With Johnson's savages, and those *far worse*
Than savages, miscalled *loyalists*." p. 169.

- We must postpone our remarks on the remaining four books till next month ; they are even more replete with absurdities than those we have noticed, but we shall not, however, when we re-sume this subject content ourselves with ridiculing Mr. Northmore's ignorance and folly as a *pseudo poet*, but shall feel ourselves imperiously bound to chastise his malignity and wickedness as a reviler of his sovereign and an enemy of his country.

(To be continued.)

THEATRES.

'Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.' Hor.

“Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer;” at length the public has triumphed, and Covent-Garden, so late the theatre of war, already begins to feel the advantages of submission. We trust, however, that it never will be forgotten that the public has triumphed, and that the triumph is most glorious; since it was obtained over presumption grounded on monopoly and patent, and supported by brutal force and arbitrary power. The termination of the contest in which we have been engaged will teach future managers prudence, and, if a British public could ever stand in need of such a lesson, moderation in success. We are glad that the proprietors of Covent-Garden have been allowed to continue the advance of admission to the Boxes, since it has thereby been made apparent that it was for things of higher value than money that the people contended; and that all pecuniary objects were lost sight of, when public liberty and public morality were seen to be in danger. Indeed the removal of the private boxes, by which the proprietors had assured to themselves so considerable a revenue as to render, while they were allowed to exist, an advance of admission unnecessary, did away the principal objection to such advance, and gave the proprietors some claim on the generosity of the public. We could have wished, for the honour of the British stage, that an equal generosity had been shewn to Mr. Kemble,

who merely because he is the only acting and ostensible proprietor seems to have borne, in this contest, very undeservedly, the whole undivided weight of popular indignation: we could have wished that the first actor of the age might have been spared the humiliation of *begging pardon* of that audience, who have so often witnessed the powers of his genius with delight and admiration. We cannot but regret that his conduct, or the conduct of those with whom he is connected, should have been thought deserving of his degrading punishment; or rather we regret that the punishment should have fallen on the only person who could be degraded by it. As to the discharge of Brandon, the general informer, we perfectly approve it; nor can we by any means agree with those, who on account of this meanness and insignificance, think him beneath the public resentment; much less can we enter into the feelings of those very tender-hearted persons, who urge that this man has long been a servant of the managers, that he has a large family, that he acted only under the authority of his masters, and that for what he did they, not he, were answerable. Now although we very readily admit the meanness and insignificance of this man, it will be remembered that, mean and insignificant as he is, upon his bare authority numbers of most respectable persons were, for nearly three months together, dragged nightly before the magistrates of Bow-Street, and that upon his bare testimony, mean and insignificant as he is, unsupported by any other, and often in direct contradiction to the most credible witnesses, numbers were sent nightly to the vilest prisons, or held to enormous bail. Mean and insignificant as he is, then, he has been found powerful enough to trample on the liberties of the people. Such a man must be punished. As to his having been long a servant of the managers, what

has the public to do with that, any more than with his large family? He had not been long enough a servant, it should seem, to learn humility, nor cared enough for his family to act prudently. Besides, if it were of any importance, he either is, or it is his own fault if he is not, in very affluent circumstances. Whether he is to be considered as the agent of the managers merely, or not, does not in the least affect the case: but it was not so much what he did as his manner of doing it that was offensive. Even as the mere tool of injustice, however, it would be necessary to punish him: since but for such ready instruments as this, those who wished to commit wrong would want the means; to suffer the works of such a one to go unpunished, therefore, would be to offer encouragement to injustice and protection to iniquity.

Since the restoration of order, the stage has presented nothing which particularly calls for our notice. COOKE, indeed, has staggered as the representative of the Roman father, but was so completely stupified by intoxication, that he was obliged to stagger off again without performing the part. Whether he wished to assert and exemplify the vaunted descent of the Romans from the heroes of Troy, we know not, but it is certain that he was as drunk as a Trojan. This conduct has been too often repeated. Mr. COOKE has talents; but no talents, however extraordinary, can excuse the gross and beastly sottishness in which he constantly indulges. Be his own vices his punishment: he is self-degraded beneath the contempt of the meanest of his audience. A Mr. EGERTON and a Mrs. CLARKE have been added to the company; the gentleman, we believe, as a substitute for POPE, and the lady to recite the words of the characters usually performed by Mrs. SIDDONS. Lightly as we thought of

POPE, we think still more lightly of Mr. EGERTON, though we never saw a heavier actor: and of Mrs. CLARKE we never think at all, except to wonder what could induce the managers to engage a person, who has not one single requisite for the stage.

The peace established at Covent-Garden has thinned the LYCEUM, and it must be confessed that at present this theatre offers little that is attractive. Notwithstanding the complaints which Mr. Dallas made of the injustice of our observations and those of our brother-critics, on his farce of NOT AT HOME, it hath died since our last of mere debility, though an attempt was made to lengthen its existence by amputating some of its limbs: this it was too weak to endure, and died under the operation. The managers, it should seem, are willing enough to give the town all the novelty they can: for they have produced something in the shape of a comedy entitled SUDDEN ARRIVALS, or *too busy by half*, and said to be written by Mr. COBB. There are some things which absolutely defy criticism. One word describes a desert, one word would as well describe Mr. Cobb's production. We leave it to the fate that inevitably awaits it; remarking only a circumstance relating to theatric costume, which struck us during the representation, which is, that a benevolent man in disguise is always wrapped up in a great coat of pea-green or sky blue, and a rogue is as regularly clad from head to heel in bloody red.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites !—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree ?—POPE.

1. A general, historical, and topographical Description of Mount Caucasus ; translated from the Works of Dr. Reineggs and Marshal Bieberstein, by Charles Wilkinson.

“ Mr. Wilkinson has executed his undertaking apparently with *strict fidelity*.”—Eclectic Review.

“ Thanks to the adventurous Dr. Reineggs, and his *judicious* translator, Mr. Wilkinson, the English reader may now find some very curious and authentic information respecting the people who inhabit the snow-clad mountains of Caucasus. The *botanical details* are *extremely* copious and *interesting*.”—Antijacobin Review.

—“ We have further to complain of the *little care* that has been taken by the translator ; whose *ignorance* or *inattention* has rendered *several* passages *wholly* unintelligible, and has *disgusted* us by the *continual* recurrence of *gross vulgarisms* : nor can we avoid mentioning, that a considerable part of the second volume is made up of lists of plants, and *botanical descriptions*, of no more value than so much waste paper.”—Annual Review.

2. Brother Abraham's Answer to Peter Plymley, Esq. ; in two Letters.

“ In our account of the two first Letters of Peter Plymley,

we observed that his arguments would have little weight, unless *ridicule* were considered as the test of truth. In this Answer he is assailed with his own weapons, and we think with *considerable success*. The Letters of Abraham are written with *considerable spirit*, and *some humour*. The writer also reprehends the *coarse and illiberal language* of Peter and his *low sarcasms*," &c.—British Critic.

"To a performance both *witty* and *sensible*, Brother Abraham makes a reply which is *neither* the one nor the other."—Annual Review.

"[Extract.] This and similar *stuff* is called an answer to Peter Plymley."—Monthly Review.

"Though we did not expect that these pages would be filled with any weight of argument, we did hope to find them enlivened by some scintillations of wit. We have, however, to our mortification, found them *miserably deficient* both in *wit* and *argument*."—Critical Review.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.